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CHRISTIAN HERALD

5¢ MORE THAN 20 FEATURES STORIES AND ARTICLES

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Theological Seminary
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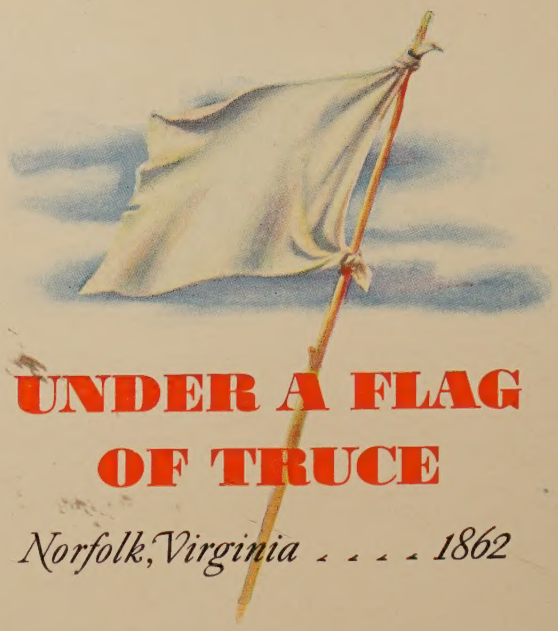
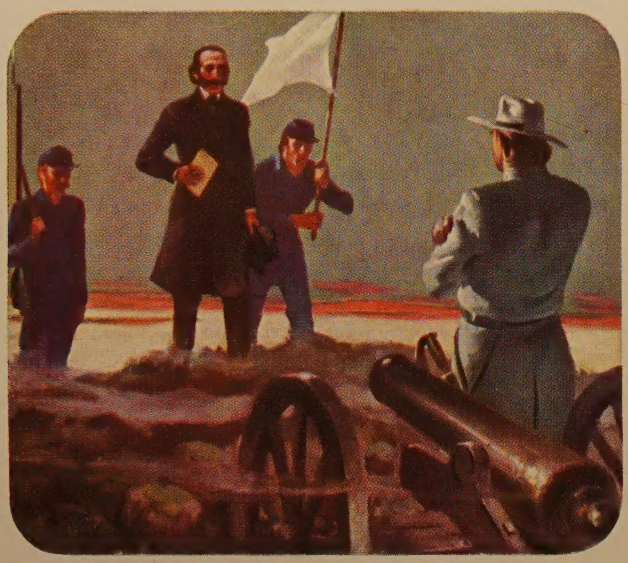
NORFOLK WAS UNDER a state of siege. Before communication with the outside world was disrupted, the New York Life's Home Office was notified that two of its policyholders in the city had died. Prompt payments would relieve distress. But how could they be made under these conditions?



UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE

Norfolk, Virginia 1862



THE OPPOSING ARMIES recognized the humanity of life insurance . . . suspended hostilities . . . allowed a representative to pass through the lines under a flag of truce in order to establish a contact and make arrangements with the beneficiaries within the city of Norfolk for the payment of these claims.

ONE OF THE BENEFICIARIES later came to New York to express her appreciation. She carried a letter from Mayor William W. Lamb of Norfolk. He wrote: "Your prompt payment has sustained the high reputation of your Company in this community which I hope it will continue to enjoy."

WHEN a man buys life insurance he wants to feel sure that the proceeds, when due, will be paid *without delay*.

A life insurance company therefore makes every effort to pay its obligations as promptly as possible. Also, it must be kept so safe that there need never be any question of its financial ability to meet its obligations. The New York Life Insurance Company has a long record of fidelity in meeting its obligations to policyholders; and in investing it adheres to the principle that safety should always be the first consideration. These are among the reasons why the Company continues to merit the confidence of its policyholders . . . why a New York Life policy is one of the best investments you can make . . . why the agents, in offering the benefits of New York Life protection, render a valuable service to the public.

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* • 51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. • ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on September Airwaves

[Time is Eastern Daylight Saving Time until September 25th]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KYW, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Breakfast Club—Orchestra with soloists; Don McNeill—BLUE.
10:00 A.M. Just Neighbors. Sketch—BLUE.
11:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9 A.M.—CBS.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
12:00 P.M. Mary Margaret McBride. Air Columnist—CBS.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers; Walter Blaufuss and his Homesteaders—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Time for Thought. Brief talks by outstanding religious leaders —RED.
1:45 P.M. Edward MacHugh. "The Gospel Singer"—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Your Family and Mine. Dramatic sketch—RED.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas. Commentator. Through Thurs.—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Recitals by Julius Mattfeld—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Highlights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination—CBS.
10:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro choir and talks by Negro leaders—CBS.
12:00 P.M. Southernaires. Negro male quartet—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall Concert. Symphonic Orchestra—BLUE.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Europe Calling. Talks from European capitals—CBS.
1:45 P.M. Poet's Gold. David Ross reads poetry with musical background—CBS.
2:00 P.M. The Magic Key of RCA. Symphonic orchestra, Frank Black director—BLUE.
3:00 P.M. Everybody's Music. Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
4:00 P.M. The Farmer takes the Mike. Farmers from all sections of the country talk on national and international problems—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Paul Scherer—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World is Yours. Dramatization under auspices of Smithsonian Institute—RED.
5:00 P.M. There was a Woman. Dramatic presentation of the women in the lives of famous men—BLUE.
6:00 P.M. Music for Fun. Music for children, with Columbia concert orchestra directed by Howard Barlow. Child commentator—CBS.
7:30 P.M. John Nesbitt's Passing Parade. Dramatization of interesting events past and present—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Interesting Neighbors. Jerry Belcher takes microphone into homes throughout the country for personal interviews—RED.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Starts Sept. 11th. Detroit Symphony Orchestra, guest conductors and soloists—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines. H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout and guest commentator commenting on the week's news—CBS.
10:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table discussions. Professors from University of Chicago discuss current topics—RED.

MONDAYS

12:15 P.M. Irene Beasleys R.F.D. No. 1. Songs and comments on farm doings—CBS.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson, director—RED.
3:00 P.M. United States Navy Band. Lieut. Charles Benter, conductor—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. March of Games. Program of entertainment and puzzles for young children, with 14-year old Arthur Ross as master of ceremonies. Also Wednesdays—CBS.
5:45 P.M. New Horizons. Exploration program of American Museum of Natural History—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Believe it or Not. Starring Robert L. Ripley—RED.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Margaret Speaks, soprano, Richard Crooks, tenor—RED.
9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Dramas. Returns September 12th. Dramatizations directed by Cecil B. DeMille—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Marek Weber—director—RED.
10.00 P.M. True or False, conducted by Dr. Harry Hagen—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum—guest speaker on current topics—BLUE.

TUESDAYS

11:30 A.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs Consumers Program—RED.
2:15 P.M. Let's Talk it Over with June Hynd—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. NBC Music Guild—BLUE.
3:30 P.M. United States Army Band. Capt. Thomas F. Darcey, conductor —BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Let's Pretend. Fairy tales for children under the direction of Nila Mack. Also on Thursdays—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News—RED.
8:00 P.M. Edward G. Robinson. Big Town. Racket breaking sketches—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Questions and answers program; Clifton Fadiman, master of ceremonies—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

2:15 P.M. Let's Talk it Over with Alma Kitchell—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Living History. Treating American history as living events in drama—CBS.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—RED.
9:00 P.M. The Word Game. Quiz on words, with Max Eastman—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Blue Velvet Music. Mark Warnow's Orchestra—CBS.
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done. Edgar A. Guest and Frankie Masters Orchestra—CBS.

THURSDAYS

2:15 P.M. Let's Talk it Over. Guest Speaker—BLUE.
3:00 P.M. Light Opera Selections featuring Harold Sanford—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books. Book reviews and interviews by Professor John T. Frederick of Northwestern University—CBS.
6:00 P.M. George R. Holmes, Chief of the Washington Bureau of the International News Service speaks on current topics—RED.
8:00 P.M. Men Against Death. Dramatizations of Paul de Kruif's five books, produced by George Zachary—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Essays in Music—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in different industries and descriptions of their work—CBS.

FRIDAYS

2:00 P.M. United States Marine Band. Capt. Taylor Branson, conductor —BLUE.
7:15 P.M. Music is my Hobby—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Question Bee—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Adventures in Science. Dramatizations of scientific advance, with prominent scientist as speaker—CBS.
8:00 P.M. First Nighter. Dramatic sketch—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—RED.
9:30 P.M. Death Valley Days. Stirring dramas of the old West—RED.
9:30 P.M. The March of Time—News dramatization—BLUE.

SATURDAYS

9:00 A.M. The Wise Man—Program of philosophy—RED.
9:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
10:30 A.M. The Child Grows Up. Talk by Katherine Lenrott—BLUE.
4:00 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—Capt. Tim Healy—RED.
6:45 P.M. Art Of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
7:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

AMERICA'S John and Jane Doe are being called by Howard Barlow, noted conductor, who is inaugurating a policy of broadcasting unpublished music by new and unknown composers in his "Everybody's Music" series, heard on Sundays at 3:00 P.M., EDST, over the WABC-Columbia network. That in the great cities and hinterlands of America there may be struggling musical talent which in a generation or a century might be hailed as greater than Beethoven, is the idea behind the broadcasts. Already Barlow's plan has resulted in an average return of two manuscripts a day, while seventy-five per cent of those received are worth performing. The experiment is showing that there is an unplumbed source of important material among the Smiths and Joneses of the United States.

WE ARE glad to announce that our old friend, Seth Parker, will be back on the air, beginning September 25th, over NBC's Blue Network—fifty-two stations. The program will be heard at 7:30 P.M., EST, on that date and every Sunday evening thereafter.

A WEEK'S work spent on a woman of whom few people have ever heard! That's the time it takes to prepare a half hour show on the lives of women behind famous men by Bessie Boynton and Leslie Edgley. "There Was A Woman" broadcast on Sundays at 5:00 P.M., EDST, over the NBC-Blue network, brings to the limelight women who have been the guiding geniuses in the destiny of noted men, women who have often been ignored through the years. Mrs. Boynton spends three days doing research at the Chicago Library. After mulling over out-of-print books and searching through newspapers, letters and diaries, she makes a chronological table of the lives of her subjects which she hands over to Edgley, who spends two days plotting the show and one day writing the script. The script then goes to Ralph Maddox who spends a day reading biographies of the persons involved before he casts the show. This autumn high school students, as in the past, will listen to the broadcast as a part of their regular studies.

THE ambition of Dr. William L. Stidger—minister, broadcaster, and contributor to *Christian Herald* and other leading magazines—is to catch Charlie McCarthy alone for an interview. Dr. Stidger tells this one on himself: after one of his daily "Getting the Most Out of Life" broadcasts he was accosted by a small boy who, after a penetrating stare, remarked: "You don't talk like a bald-headed man."

Just Between OURSELVES

WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

You Make the Magazine

SEATED at our desk here in New York we look out upon great numbers of many-storied office buildings, a water tank or two, an almost hidden church spire, several flag poles, a few smoking chimneys and a flock of pigeons aimlessly circling, their wings flashing in unison as they wheel toward the sun. Dimly in the distance looms a gray mass, the Jersey shore. How often we wish we could step to the window ledge, soar out beyond that Jersey shore and look down into your lives, your hopes, your dreams. This is your magazine, bought with sixty years of loyalty matched by the readers of no other magazine in the world. But alas we have no wings, and even if we had there are some 250,000 of you and only one of us, so we are forced to get our glimpses of *Christian Herald* readers through the letters you write, or by the fleeting glimpses afforded through occasional trips into the other parts of the country. Now and then a reader from out West or New England will drop into the office, and seem amazed that we can spare so much time to talk about this and that. Almost invariably he will say, "Don't let me take up your time —I know you're a busy man." And we are busy —but never too busy to miss such an opportunity to soar synthetically beyond those gray hills. Without such visits, either in person or by letter, the editor, would have to guess month after month what you like and pretty poor guessing it would sometimes be. But you have given us a pretty clear idea of your tastes, so that we do not edit *Christian Herald* wholly by guess.

Our Radio Guide

HOWEVER sometimes our guesses ring the bell. The new Radio Guide which was started in the May issue seems to be very popular. To those of you who have written about this we express our appreciation. We shall continue our efforts to improve this service, wherever possible, and as always will welcome your suggestions. Some have asked why we do not list the Bowery Mission program. Of course, the reason is that this hour is only broadcast over a local N. Y. Station. We found it preferable to confine our listings to those programs which can be heard anywhere in the U.S.A.

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Speaking of Size

Dear Sir:

Christian Herald should be twice as big and twice as thick.

Yours,
A. Reader

(And four times the subscription price! Editor.)

Like a Beacon Light

Dear Sir:

How immensely gratifying it is to know that one can still secure a good clean, up-to-date and enlightening magazine in these days of unrest, indifference and wantonness.

Christian Herald stands out like a beacon light on some bleak and barren shore —in great contrast to the destructive tabloids that over-run the newsstands and book stores throughout our country. Its pages are alive with things that are educational, inspiring and restful to all those that care for the best in literature. I am glad to subscribe for such a magazine as *Christian Herald*.

J. Harvey Scott
Coatesville, Penna.

This Month's Cover

Our September cover depicts a statue on a tomb in a well-known cemetery in Havana, Cuba. The artist, Mr. Kabel, was struck by the remarkable effect of the great statue silhouetted against the beautiful light-and-cloud effects. This remarkably successful photograph was the result.

Our covers have attracted a great deal of attention and praise. "Different," "distinctive," "splendid," many of our readers call them.

The Magazine Cover Girl of 1948 can't let "Pink Tooth Brush" endanger her smile

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LUCKY little Joan! The smile that's so charming in this little girl of eight ought to be utterly irresistible when she reaches eighteen! For already she's had an excellent start toward a future of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums. From her dentist and from her grade-school teachers, she has learned an important oral hygiene lesson—*that massage of the gums* is as important as *cleaning the teeth!*

For modern dental science teaches that gums are often deprived of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. Lack of vigorous chewing helps make gums weak and tender. Watch out for gums that are lazy, tender, and weak! All too often they flash the warning of "pink tooth brush"—a warning you *must not ignore.*

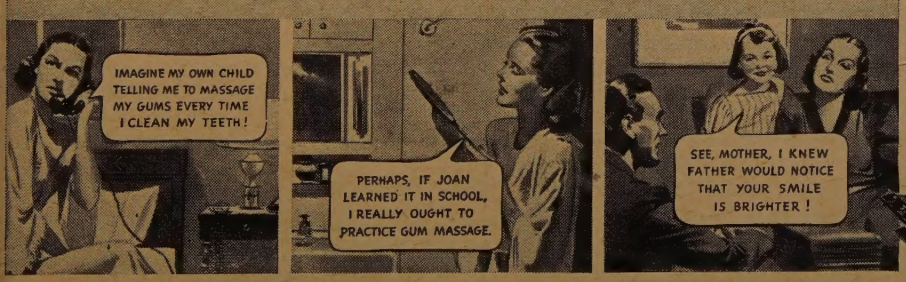
If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll recommend more exercise for lazy gums. And often he'll suggest "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. To help give lazy gums the exercise they need, every time you clean your teeth massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Thousands are finding Ipana and massage one modern way to better dental health—to a brighter, more attractive smile!

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

FOR BRIGHTER TEETH AND A LOVELIER SMILE - IPANA AND MASSAGE


IMAGINE MY OWN CHILD TELLING ME TO MASSAGE MY GUMS EVERY TIME I CLEAN MY TEETH!
PERHAPS, IF JOAN LEARNED IT IN SCHOOL, I REALLY OUGHT TO PRACTICE GUM MASSAGE.
SEE, MOTHER, I KNEW FATHER WOULD NOTICE THAT YOUR SMILE IS BRIGHTER!

IPANA
Tooth Paste

To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then read what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

MORE ROOM FOR NEW WRITERS THAN EVER BEFORE

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing.

The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. All applicants do not pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the *practical* training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy-Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your *individual* manner instead of trying to copy the style of others.

You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced newspaper men.

It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move towards the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York.

Free

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One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, September.

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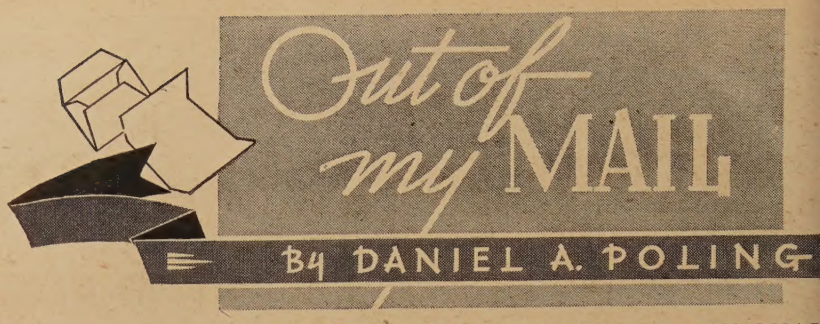

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

A DAILY PROGRAM

What do you suggest as a good program of daily action for one who desires to be a consistent Christian?

NOT long ago members of a church in far-away Teheran, Persia, adopted the following seven-point program:

1. Read a chapter of the Bible daily.
2. Pray daily for the pastor and for the church membership.
3. Join a Bible-study class.
4. Attend at least one regular church service each week.
5. Visit at least one needy person each week.
6. Give God at least the tithe.
7. Pay at least half the tithe to the church.

DR. MORGAN'S POSITION

Dr. Poling, do you feel free to express an opinion as to the rightness or wrongness of the position of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Chairman of the TVA?

I DO not feel justified in expressing an opinion as to the points at issue between Chairman Morgan and his associates, or in the particulars of the controversy now before the Congress. I do feel justified in expressing my confidence in and admiration for Dr. Morgan. I have known him personally since his Antioch days. I was associated with him then in an experiment that was conducted by Antioch in cooperation with the foundation of which I was superintendent. Not only is the character of Dr. Morgan above reproach, but he cannot be fairly charged with being ever a partisan or a politically-minded person. At great cost to himself he entered public service. He has paid a tremendous price in body and purse to serve his country at the call of his government. I believe that he is right, and absolutely right, in the final position he has taken. He should have the gratitude of his fellow-citizens.

IS SANCTIFICATION POSSIBLE?

After our sins are forgiven is there another work of grace, sanctification? Some teach that one may live a sinless life.

SANCTIFICATION is recognized by many communions as a separate and distinct work of grace following the forgiveness of sins and conversion. There are, however, many interpretations placed upon the principle, and testimonies to the experience indicate that it is not always the same in its manifestations. That it is the deepening, the enriching, the perfecting of the Christian life, all agree. We need today not definitions, phrases and designations, so much as we need daily, Christian living.

THE BEST PREPARATION

I believe that heaven is my future home. How may I prepare for heaven?

BY PREPARING to live here and now, by doing the work of your day, by living with your fellow men as a Christian ought to live, by remembering what Jesus said about brotherhood, by concentrating on your present responsibilities, and by accepting Christ as your personal Saviour and friend. Heaven will take care of itself. I do not need to worry; that matter remains in good hands.

TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

In your opinion what can be done effectively to fight Fascism and Communism in the United States?

IN MY opinion, to effectively fight Fascism and Communism in the United States, we must effectively fight unemployment, threats to freedom of speech and of press, threats to freedom in religious worship and in civil liberties. And also, as another has said, "We must destroy the paradox of want, human want, amidst plenty." These are the conditions which breed Communism, and their continued existence constitute the danger.

Negation is not enough. To destroy the threat of Fascism and Communism in the United States, we must make American freedom a reality, a reality not only to the socially privileged, but to the poor and under-privileged as well. Individual freedom must be protected and strengthened, and equally, economic security of the whole people must be established. Here is a big order, but not too big for the spirit and the character that thus far have served and enriched America.

THE SECOND COMING

Why don't you write more about the Second Coming? Other preachers emphasize it constantly. Some seldom deliver a sermon without referring to it.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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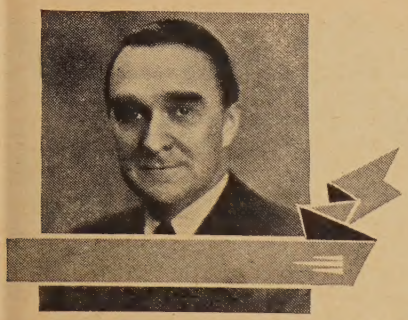

YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

WELL, I am sure that I refer to it at least as often as Jesus did! He is a pretty good guide for any preacher. There is such a thing as riding a truth to death, referring to it in such a fashion as to make it common and despised. My business particularly is to preach the deathless fact that Jesus is here, here now, here to save, here to redeem the individual and society. It is the fact of His presence *now* that will turn the world from destruction if we give Him a chance in our lives and through all human relationships.

GETTING YOUNG PEOPLE TO ATTEND CHURCH

What can be done to secure the attendance of youth at religious services? Theaters and other amusement places are crowded, but churches and synagogues are empty.

FIRST of all I think that the one asking the question reaches a general conclusion from particular churches and without a sufficient number of facts to justify a general conclusion.

General Foods made a nation-wide survey of American girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five . This survey—not by a religious organization—revealed the fact that six out of ten attend church regularly. And other surveys prove that the majority of all college students, boys as well as girls, are interested in religion. The growing membership of such organizations as Christian Endeavor, prove the same thing.

If I were to reach a conclusion from my own direct knowledge and observation, I would say that the overwhelming majority of young people go to church regularly, but my conclusion would be subject to the criticisms that I have raised against the conclusion of the one asking this question. However, this is the more important matter: today with the radio, Sunday shows, Sunday sports, and the automobile, the church has competition that twenty-five, twenty, fifteen, and even ten years ago, it did not have. The young people who go to church now go by the test of choice and decision that was never made before. Here is reality. Upon this reality we may build, and we must build our programs to attract and enlist young men and young women.

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SEPTEMBER, 1938 Vol. 61, No. 9

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . Daniel A. Poling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

Do As Your Dentist Does—

USE POWDER

All Cleansing Properties

No Acid, Grit or Pumice

Cannot possibly injure or scratch

Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

NOTHING else cleans and polishes teeth more quickly and leaves them more naturally white—than POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know — almost always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of most dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that is all powder just naturally cleans effectively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER — all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years many dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder because normal teeth simply cannot remain dull and dingy looking when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling with natural brightness. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed and your breath so sweet and pure.

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DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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**See article in Christian Herald, July, 1938*

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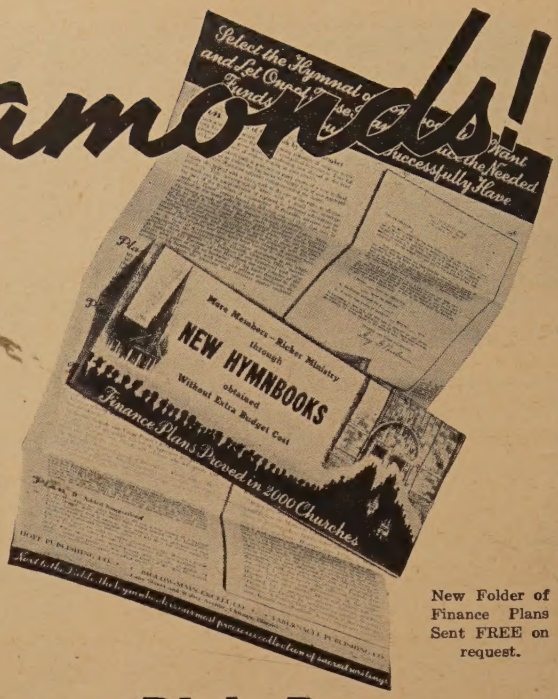

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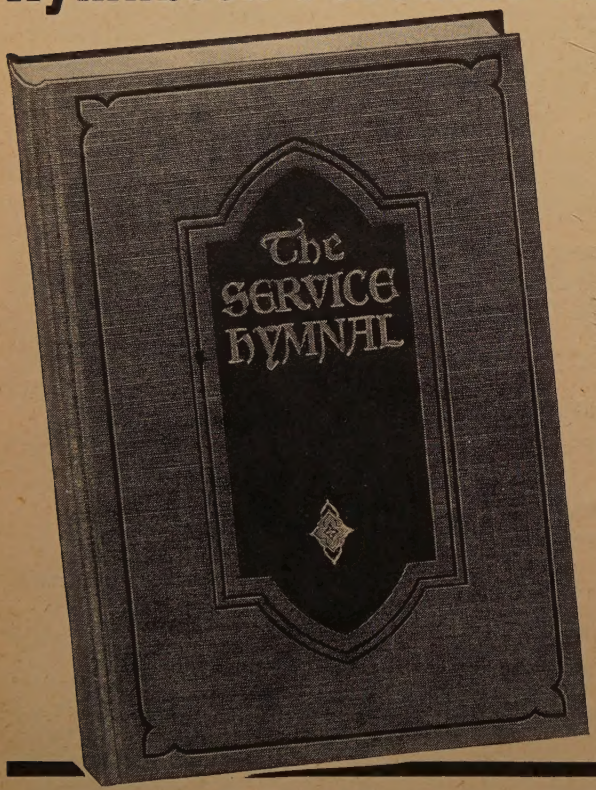

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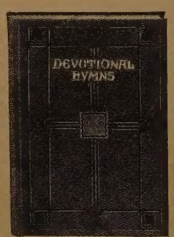

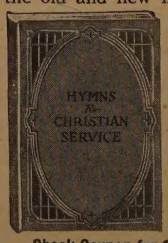

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

The Bells of Rheims

LET'S go back. It is 1918. The German army is rolling like a great green fog over France. Before it everything has trembled, tottered, fallen. Whole regiments and towns have been crushed in its ruthless inhuman maw. In Rheims, a city of 100,000 souls, only seventeen buildings are left intact.

On Rheims Cathedral, one of the most beautiful church buildings in Christendom, 289 shells have fallen since 1914. Priceless stained-glass windows have been blown to bits. There are long cracks, long scars of pain, in the fine old walls. The spires stand uncertain as the earth trembles. In a dark corner, before a huge crucifix, kneel a Yank and a Poilu, looking up out of listless, battle-shocked eyes, asking each other and asking Him on the cross, "Is all this a dream, or is it happening?" Nearby, a German boy dies in a prison camp with a chaplain at his side.

The body on the crucifix has had the arms blown off. The bells that should be ringing in the towers above are buried deep in the shaking earth.

Now let's catch up. It is 1938. Twenty years after. The war is a memory, and it's rancors are dead. It is Sunday, and from high above, in the restored bell-towers of a restored and rebuilt Rheims Cathedral, a bell rings for the first time in twenty years. The town goes to its knees and strong men weep and the soldier-dead in heaven must have tears glistening on their cheeks as they look down.

The bells of Rheims are ringing again! Stand still, men of earth, and listen to them. Stand still and listen, ye little men who think that what you do determines the destiny of man. The bells mock you.

Win or lose your wars—what of it? Wars will come, and go, new empires will be fought for and lost long after you are in your graves. Millions more shall be born, and millions die: years, aeons from now, after some other war, there will still be cathedral bells, and multitudes crowding the churches of earth and praying the timeless prayer, "I believe in God the Father *Almighty*. . . ."

The bells of Rheims are ringing again. God's in His world, all's right in heaven. . . .

AT HOME

COLORADO: Into the President's private car at Pueblo came a man with a petition. It was a petition signed by 4,000 Colorado miners asking Franklin D. Roosevelt to run for a third term. The petition was laid on the President's table; it may as well have been laid on the table of John Q. Public, for it brings out into the open a question long debated behind a million closed doors: will he or will he not choose to run in 1940?

The President doesn't say. He doesn't need to say until two years hence. By that time, this trip of his across the country will be history, and so will other trips made to find out just how he stands with John Q. His standing will determine a lot as to his running for the mythical third term, or his dictating some other candidate for his party to nominate.

While he's making up his mind, we recall the fate of the other Presidents who dreamed of running thrice. Grant tried it, and failed to get the nomination; the first Roosevelt said definitely that he opposed third terming, then ran on a third-party ticket and was defeated. Yet this much is painfully plain: there is probably no President who has ever had such a good chance of at least being nominated for the third time as F. D. R. has right now. And in spite of his Victory dinner statement, "My great ambition on January 30, 1941, is to turn over the desk and chair in the White House to my successor. . . ." the fact remains that no other President has so much enjoyed being President as F. D. R.

FLORIDA: Long long ago, in this department, we said something about the too-tolerant attitude of Floridians toward their gambling laws. In the interest of giving credit where credit is due, we record this month the good news that one thousand Tampa merchants and their employees have signed pledges to "rid the city of commercialized gambling through boycott." Hurrah!

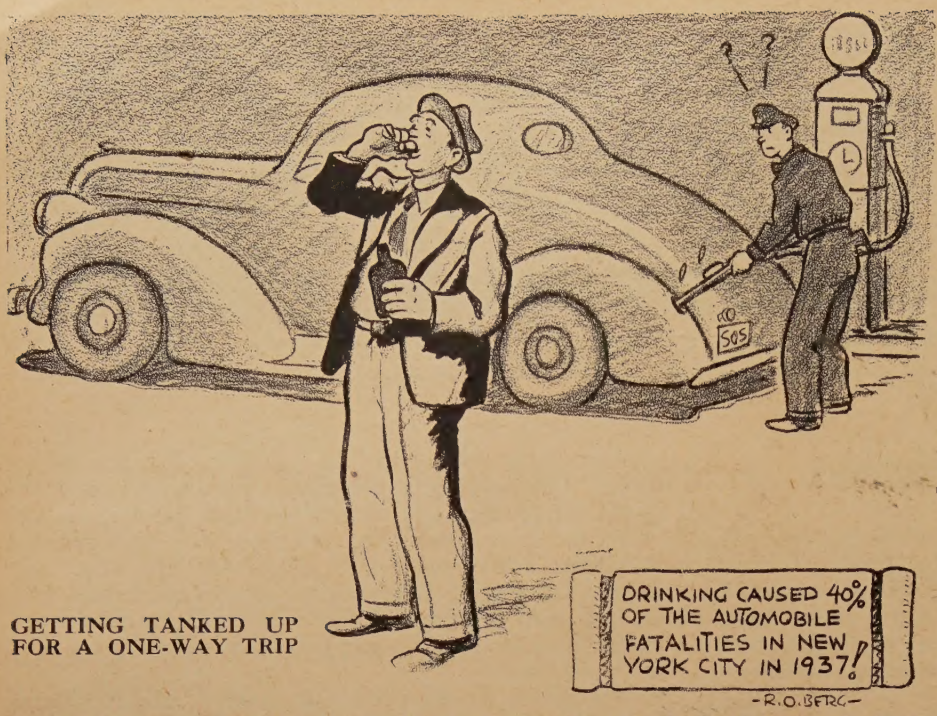
Gambling, say the merchants, costs Tampa from $10,000 to $20,000 a day, most of it coming out of the pockets of men making from ten dollars to twenty dollars a week.

The merchants mean to stop it. They have given up hope of stopping it through local politicians or even with the help of grand juries. They will simply boycott everything and everybody connected with the racket. We predict that they will win; when you strike with the boycott, you strike with a terrible weapon.

MICHIGAN: One hundred and eight years ago Michigan hanged a murderer. The spectacle was so disgusting that the crowd tore the gallows to pieces; on the ruins of that scaffold came the statute that made Michigan the first state in the Union to abolish capital punishment.

Last month, however, Michigan had to hang another killer, law or no law. Anthony Chebatoris was sentenced to hang under *Federal* law; he had to be hanged, and in Michigan, where he was caught and convicted. The President of the United States stepped in, in an effort to have him hanged elsewhere; the President failed. The trap was sprung and Governor Murphy called it "A blot on the state's civilized record."

It may be a little late to report all this; we print it only to call attention to the fact that it hasn't had the attention it deserves. A backwoods mob may lynch a culprit and every paper in the country features it in the morning; but the Michigan affair got few headlines. That's wrong. For Michigan's action and spirit is an indication that in spite of the wars



GETTING TANKED UP FOR A ONE-WAY TRIP

which have raged ceaselessly since Cain killed Abel, man still loathes the taking of human life and reveres the human personality. Every preacher in the land can find a good sermon in the hanging of Anthony Chebatoris.

Just to be fair about lynching, we pass on to you the statement of Tuskegee Institute on lynchings for the first six months of 1938. For the first time since a record of lynchings has been kept, we have had a full six months without a single mob-execution. That's news, too.

INDIANA: Paul V. McNutt is the Democratic boss of Indiana. Early this year his machine blocked the renomination of Senator Frederick Van Nuys, anti-New Dealer, for the Senate. Van Nuys swore he'd split the party by running independently. McNutt, alarmed, called off the blocking, had the Indiana convention nominate the fighting Van Nuys after all, and incidentally to put the strength of a united Indiana Democracy behind Mr. McNutt . . . for President in 1940! There was even a twenty-one-gun salute (that's the Presidential salute) for the favorite son—from a toy cannon.

So Indiana offers us Paul V. McNutt for President! His is the first hat thrown into the ring. There will be others. His may be buried, out of sight, before next New Year's Day.

THE NEW CIVIL WAR: The North and South are fighting again. No, not at Gettysburg: the reunion down there went off without a riffle between the old vets. The argument this time isn't over states' rights, but over chicken pie.

It began with an editorial in the Chicago *Tribune,* which claimed that the chicken is "a rare bird in the South" and that "the cooks down there never learned to prepare the bird properly." That was a red rag to the Southern bull. Retorted the Memphis Commercial-Appeal: "In Chicago fried chicken, so called, is worse than any myth; it is a horrible reality;" chicken in Chicago was comparable to "a low-grade cement," and had to be attacked with a hammer and cold-chisel; it was good only to be fired from a Gatling gun at some local Al Capone!

The Ashland *Herald-Progress* suggests "an exchange scholarship in good eating" as a sort of arbitration to stall off war. We're for it . . . provided that this editor can be a Northern eating-delegate. And provided that as side dishes he might sample some of that good old Southern sweet-potato pie, and a slice of pecan pie for good measure. (Address him care of *Christian Herald.)*

WASHINGTON: We're going to have a new nickel. The poor buffalo and the Indian, who graced our five-cent piece long after they were driven from the plains, are now to be driven out of the mint. The Philadelphia mint has received from Washington a new design for a new die: it will bear on one side the profile of Thomas Jefferson, on the other a picture of Jefferson's home, Monticello.

Somehow, we're sorry to say good-bye to the Indian and the bison. They were part of our national picture. But time marches on—and so does the propaganda for Jeffersonian democracy. We're glad, however, that the new nickel will still carry the words "In God We Trust." That idea seems to be a fairly constant one, in any democracy.

ABROAD

PALESTINE: Things have reached their bloodiest stage in the Holy Land—and an impasse. Our guess is that it will go on for years. We have three reasons for thinking so: 1. There are sixteen million Jews in this world who need a National Home. 2. There are a million Arabs in Palestine who vow with their blood that the Home shall not be in their country. 3. There is a British Empire obligated to help the Jew establish that Home in Palestine, and desperately concerned with an oil line that starts in Irak and comes out at Haifa.

The real trouble is that Palestine is a too-much-promised land. In 1915 vague promises were made to the Arabs; in 1916 a secret treaty was made promising to put at least part of Palestine under French rule; in 1917 the Balfour Declaration promised certain (vague) things to the Jews. It looks as if the British had promised themselves into a situation that will be hard to get out of. Meanwhile, the slaughter goes on, intensified not only by British helplessness but by the fiercest religious fanaticism to be found anywhere on the globe.

TOKYO: There will be no 1940 Olympics in Tokyo, for several reasons. One is that Japan realizes that there will still be a war with China going on in 1940. Another is that the demand for steel and other materials is so urgent at the front that Japan cannot even spare enough for an Olympic stadium. And still another is that Japan couldn't risk the loss of face that was sure to come when nine-tenths of the world would object to holding the "friendly" games in the home town of the world's Number One Aggressor.

You just can't go around dropping bombs on civilian women and children and have the rest of the world think of you as a good sportsman.

PARIS: The wife of France's President curtsied last month to the Queen of England. Some of the French didn't like that, but all of the French cheered the visit of England's King and Queen to Paris. England cheered, too.

French enthusiasm is due to the politics behind the visit. It wasn't just a holiday for the King. The trip involves Czechoslovakia. It dramatized to the dictators who have their eyes on Czech-land the fact that England and France were standing firmly together in the crisis; as firmly as they stood in another crisis in 1914. Mere days later, a worried Hitler made a gesture of "peace" to the Czechs.

The Britons' enthusiasm is due to the realization that they see in their King a man who is doing his best to subordinate his private life to his royal job. He rose from a sickbed to make this visit. He has done things like that, consistently, since the day he came to the throne. He goes out of his way to convince Britain that the good old steady days of his father, George the Good, have come back.

While he took his bows in Paris, a brother of his who couldn't subordinate his private life was cruising in a yacht off the Dalmatian coast, in another self-imposed exile from his (new) home in Paris.

VENEZUELA: Venezuela has run out on the League of Nations. Thus, while "still believing in collective security" but doubting the effectiveness of the League as an instrument, the Venezuelan republic, one of the original forty-two members, becomes the ninth Latin-American State to shake from her feet the dust of Geneva. Four days later Colombia announced that she, too, would leave the League.

If Colombia does, the only American states left at Geneva will be Argentina, Bolivia, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Haiti, Mexico, Panama, Peru and Uruguay. The League of Nations is fast becoming a League of Small Nations.

MANILA: President Manuel Quezon has been fighting a move to put religious instruction into the public schools. It looked for a while as though the National Assembly might pass a bill favoring it, over his veto. However, the Assembly changed its mind, voted unanimously to table the bill already vetoed by the President.

What Quezon objected to indirectly was the providing, at state expense, of facilities for such religious instruction. What he was fighting directly was the influencing of the minds of the children of the Philippines, at this dangerous formative period, with any religious teaching that might disturb the peaceful relations of Church and State.

He is wise. Church-and-State is a dangerous question to handle, anywhere, let alone in a country that is slowly feeling its way toward independence in a warring world.

NON-FASCIST SOUTH AMERICA: The most important political development in South America since the wave of revolutions in 1930 is to be seen in the apparent return of democracy to the ten nations south of Panama. General Alfredo Baldomir has been inaugurated President of Uruguay, after years of dictatorship; he has promised to end fascism in his country. Roberto M. Ortiz is President of Argentina; he too has turned thumbs-down on the fascist ideal.

Chile, Bolivia and Brazil are also lining up their forces against the imported evil and are quietly conducting personal conferences and sounding out other South American countries on uniting in a "common front" against all alien agitation. So Fascism, after all, may not be so near our American gates as we thought.

The dispatches from Argentina also tell us that the conferences held there to settle the Bolivian-Paraguayan dispute over the Chaco have ended amicably. Both countries are reacting favorably to the suggested peace-plan reported in last month's *Herald.*

ROME: Is the next onslaught against the Jew to start from Rome? Some say so, and they seem to have good evidence for saying so. Il Duce has lately claimed that his Italians are "Aryan and Heroic;" a group of Italian professors and scientists calls the Italian population "Aryan-Nordic in its orientation" and the government announces the appointment of a special "racial under-secretary."

All of which may point toward a purge. But there are other signs in Italy pointing other-where. The professors themselves say: "This does not mean that German racial theories should be introduced in Italy. . . ." Mussolini himself has often ridiculed the racial theory in public, and ridiculed other Nazi ideas as well. German racial doctrines are considered nonsense by the general public, and the new ideas of their professors and racial purists are not being taken very seriously.

There are in Italy about 50,000 Jews out of a population of 44,000,000. The most probable effect of the borrowed racial theory will not be on them; it will be on the German and Austrian Jewish refugees who might be tempted to seek a new home in Italy. Italy does not want them, and her government is probably taking this means to warn them off.

In fairness to Il Duce, let it be said here that he possesses none of Aryan bigotry and intolerance of Herr Hitler. Il Duce is a much bigger man than Der Feuhrer, in more ways than one.

CHURCH NEWS

SOUTHERN BAPTISTS: The machinery of the Southern Baptists has begun to grind on one of their newest projects: the holding of revivals in the denomination's 24,844 churches, in 1939.

Plans for it were first laid at the recent annual convention session at Richmond; selected to lead it are Dr. L. R. Scarborough, of Seminary Hill, Texas (head of the Southern Church) and Dr. Roland Q. Leavell, of Atlanta.

What makes it unusual, as a revival, is that it is not intended as a strictly Baptist affair; the idea is to mobilize the four and a half million Southern Baptists "for a great spiritual awakening that will reach thousands of *non-church*-members of the South."

Wide World Photo

THE RESTORED RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

MERGER: Two more great Protestant Churches are now working as one: merged late in June were the Reformed Church in the United States and the Evangelical Synod of North America. The "rising tide of opposition" that was supposed to defeat the merger produced just six votes. (These "rising tides" prophets remind us, often, of those alarmist radio announcers who are forever predicting war within thirty days.)

Most notable first actions of the united church include a plea for the Japanese "man in the street" who "has nothing more to do with this war than you and I," and a vote in support of the World Council of Churches.

HOW WE GIVE: There's food for thought in the tabulation of per capita giving recently published by Dr. Harry S. Myers of the United Stewardship Council. He finds the leading givers to be:

1. The Church of the Nazarene (127,054 members) $28.02 per capita a year.
2. Reformed Church in America (240,660 members) $22.90 per year.
3. United Presbyterian (179,115 members) $22.89 per year.
4. Protestant Episcopal (234,257 members) $22.79 per year.

Giving less than $10 per capita per year are the M. E. Church South, Disciples of Christ, some Lutheran Synods and the Southern Baptists.

We wonder what the explanation can be. Why do the smallest denominations give most? Is there more "spirit" in a Church of 100,000 than in one of two or three millions? Someone said long ago that the little Church produced seven ministers to the big Church's one. Is faith stronger where the group is smaller?

EPISCOPALIANS: Bishop Logan H. Roots is back in his home in Arkansas, retired from his labors as Episcopal Bishop of Hankow. He says of China that "her determination is threefold: 1. To be honest with herself and correct her own mistakes drastically; 2. To build a new constructive, creative and high-minded spirit among her own people; 3. To give everything to make this new China permanent. The spirit is akin to that of revolutionary Christianity. . . . There is no war-feeling against the Japanese people. . . ."

Bishop Roots should know: he has been in China thirty-four years.

MORMONS: For the past 100 years tithing has been a law among the Mormons. That doesn't mean that all of them give the legal ten per cent. Only one-third do that; but the other two-thirds lose out on certain church privileges.

Yet, even with that one-third, the tithing law produced the large bulk of the money needed to support the 20,000 Mormons-on-relief under their Church Security Program, across the last two years. And it is worthy of notice from the other churches that during the past depression years, though in some instances the total amount of Mormon tithing has decreased, the number of tithe-payers on Church records has shown a substantial increase. Mormon leaders have announced that 1937 brought the largest amount of tithing in any year of the century since it was introduced.

LUTHERANS: We have had something to say in this column of the work of the Quakers in caring for Nazi refugees; now we mention the plan of the Board of American Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America to care for Lutheran ministers expelled from Germany.

The expelled ministers will be supported by the Board on condition that they enter the country within the immigration quotas, signify their intention of becoming citizens and study for at least one year at a Lutheran seminary. Where necessary, the Board provides all financial support necessary until the pastor has been adequately trained.

Here's one item we like, from the Lutheran office, and another that we don't like: We like the formation of the new Board of Social Missions in the United Lutheran Church. This consolidates three previous boards, and makes for a better

The little girl shown above is taking a complete (imaginary) tour of the United States, on one of the rugs made in the form of a map of the whole country. These have recently been placed on the market

attack on our social and economic problems. We do *not* like so well the action of that Lutheran church out in Cleveland that has outlawed the kissing of bride and groom after the ceremony, and the throwing of rice and confetti. What, no confetti?

We don't mean to be facetious. It seems to us that the wedding should be a joyous as well as a solemn occasion. It also seemed, as we remember our own wedding, to be quite harrowing enough to the nerves of bride and groom without the denial of the kiss and the confetti when it was all over.

FAITH AND SECURITY: *Fortune,* that everlasting surveyor of most everything, has just been looking over the question of "Religion versus Materialism" in America. In a nutshell, *Fortune* found that those who wanted more economic security and those who looked to more religion as the way out of our modern chaos fall into strangely mixed groups. To wit:

	Protestants	Roman-Catholics	Jews	None
Want more economic security	39.4	48.3	69.6%	51.4%
Want more religion	40.8	32.6	10.4	23.5
Other answers and "didn't know"	19.8	19.1	20.0	25.1

Says Fortune: "Note that the Jews, whose co-religionists abroad are being so ruthlessly dispossessed of their worldly goods and means of living, look to religion for succor even less than the people who acknowledge no church."

WINDOW CLEANERS: An American Standard Bible Committee is at work on a new American standard version of the Bible. Last week the Committee pronounced its first dictum: the word "Lord" will replace the word "Jehovah."

The revisers tell us that this will not in any sense be a "modernized" version, that the style and simple diction of the original will be maintained. "We're just window-cleaning," say they, meaning that they will try to brighten up some of the dark spots by writing in words we use in the common parlance of today.

But why? Why another window-cleaning? Those poor windows have been getting an unmerciful scrubbing of late, what with new versions and "modern speech" translations popping up like dandelions. Why another one now? Why not a renewed attention on the old King James, which hasn't yet been improved upon?

TEMPERANCE

MONTANA: Listed on the election ballots of the fall elections in Montana is a referendum on the liquor question, seeking the abolishment of retail liquor sales except in packages.

Organized in Billings, to fight for that amendment, is a Montana Temperance Movement, a group backed by many of the Protestant Churches throughout the State. The Movement is looking a little farther ahead than package sales: it seeks, as its ultimate goal, the complete extermination of the old-time saloon.

Good luck, Montana.

NEW YORK: Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, chief medical examiner in New York City, has been making alcohol tests in highway and other types of violent deaths for twenty years. This month he made a series of tests to find out how many people were getting killed in the city indirectly by John Barleycorn.

He made a report of his findings which found the front pages of every big newspaper in the city: forty per cent of the automobile fatalities in 1937—pedestrian, passenger and driver—were due to drinking. One out of three pedestrians had been drinking; 38 per cent of these showed "traces or more" of alcohol, while 34 per cent had drunk much more than a "trace."

Concluded Dr. Gonzales: "While the traffic regulations are very effective in materially reducing highway accidents, they cannot control the pedestrian or driver whose reaction time, muscular coordination and mental faculties are reduced by the ingestion of alcoholic beverages."

We might change that old saw about "You-can't-make-people-good-by-law" to "You can't make driving safe by law while there's liquor to be had." At least, so it seems in good old New York, where they'll have their liquor if it kills them.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Note from the nation's capital, (which, to us, has always seemed the most beautiful city in America):

Population, 618,000
Annual number of drunks, 21,338
Drunken women, 1,251
Churches, 399 *and*
Saloons, 1,874!

Speaking of Washington, there's a Representative down there from Milwaukee, Mr. O'Malley. Coming from the city made famous by a beer, he has this to say in Congress, about the beer-makers:

"May I remind my colleagues that I came to congress a wet, advocating repeal. I regret to say today that the liquor interests of this country refuse to see the handwriting on the wall. They are indulging in certain practices that are bringing this country again toward the brink of prohibition. The application of (these) higher taxes proves the growing disfavor the industry is facing."

Hear, hear!

SYPHILIS: There's quite a campaign on now against our Number One Social Disease, Syphilis. One of the phases of this disease, we think, is being neglected. That is, the alcoholic phase.

The late Dr. August Forel estimated that 76 per cent of the men and 66 per cent of the women who had the disease were infected during the time they were under the influence of alcohol. Other authorities say that between 48 and 75 per cent are thus infected; one prominent doctor puts it as low as 27 per cent, and one other equally prominent says it goes to 90 per cent. An average figure, taken from these, would be about 53 per cent.

Between 124,000 and 206,700 young people each year become the victims of this disease while under the influence of liquor.

It is estimated that 21 million work days are lost every year because of syphilis, which, at $4.00 a day, becomes a yearly loss of $84,000,000; 53 per cent of which makes $44,520,000 to lay at the door of alcohol. But worse than the loss in dollars is the loss in life expectancy: one writer tells us that 1,000,000 years of life expectancy are lost *every year* in syphilitic deaths.

"The cheapest thing that America can do with her annual million cases of syphilis is to cure them," says a great American doctor. We know a better way than that. *Prevent* at least 53 per cent of them by eliminating liquor.

CALIFORNIA: Worried over the fact that California automobiles traveled less in 1937 than in the year 1936, the California State Department of Vehicles asks some pointed questions:

"Is there a definite curtailment in the use of automobiles setting in? Are the greater number of traffic accidents and the increased road hazards scaring people off the streets and highways? Is the confusion of holiday traffic taking away so much of the pleasure of driving that many prefer to stay at home or utilize other

means of transportation than motor vehicles? The success, or decline, of some of the nation's greatest industries depends upon the manner in which the future answers these questions." Quite so. And while we're on the subject of "one of the nation's greatest industries," it might be apropos to remark that the automobile industry has dropped at least fifty per cent in sales in a year!

THE CHAMP QUITS: Gene Tunney left the prize ring an undefeated champion, one of the most admired fighters of ring history. Now, for the first time, the champ quits cold.

Chairman of the American Distilling Company, he has taken his firm out of the Distilled Spirits Institute. In a blistering letter of withdrawal he says the Institute is "without social consciousness or soul."

That says much for Tunney: he is the same hard, clean fighter he always was; it says much for the liquor business when a man *on the inside* condemns it. This is the same dirty business it always was.

Question: How long before the champ quits the game altogether?

ODDS AND ENDS: Indiana dry forces will demand the right of local option at the next session of the state legislature. . . Since repeal came, in December of 1933, more than 7,000 local option elections have been held, and the drys have won 5,000 of them . . . No big city has as yet gone no-license; it is the rural and small-town sections, where the Protestant evangelical churches are strongest, that are going dry first . . . Last year liquor taxes yielded the U. S. treasury more than $600,000,000 . . . Whiskey and beer pay the lion's share of this, or about $270,000,000 apiece . . . Wine pays the least, or about $6,000,000 . . . Contributing to that six million was the State of Arizona, which generously gave twenty-six cents. . . . Mrs. Ella A. Boole was eighty last Wednesday, a "valiant old soldier," according to the hardly-dry newspaper, the N. Y. Herald-Tribune!

SCIENCE

RADIO: To find out what's in the air, the Federal Communications Commission has just analyzed the programs of 633 broadcasting stations. Selecting the week of March 6th as a typical mid-season period, the Commission discovered, among others, the following surprising facts:

Of all programs on the air 65.45 per cent are sustaining (paid for by the station) and 34.55 are commercial. Musical programs consumed 52.45 per cent of the time, while drama consumes 9.11 per cent. Announcements took only two minutes, fifteen seconds of each hour. Of the religious programs 39 per cent, and of the news programs 38 per cent are sponsored.

That "39 per cent of the religious programs" item is worth attention. Those who aren't religious will be saying that it is just another evidence that the churches have gone commercial. Those who *are* religious will answer it by saying that it is better to sponsor a religious program and get it out over the air waves than to let it die unheard.

Or is there another reason why these programs must be sponsored? Does anyone know? We'd *like* to know.

TRANSPORT: Two flyers made history this month. Young Douglas Corrigan flew an antedeluvian "crate" across the Atlantic to Dublin. Howard Hughes flew a modern flying laboratory around the world in record time: Three days, nineteen hours and eight minutes.

Comparisons are obvious, and certain conclusions inevitable. Corrigan is, of course, a brave man—but he is also the luckiest man of the generation. His flight proves absolutely nothing except that miracles still happen. Hughes proved a lot more than that. "It was in no way a stunt," he says of his flight. He did it not for fame nor for cash, but for science and the future of aviation. Corrigan planned his lucky jump overnight. The Hughes flight was years in the planning. Every air-enthusiast since the Wright Brothers contributed to it.

Corrigan's flight benefits nobody. Hughes' flight taught valuable lessons in long-distance aviation, cleared stumbling-blocks out of the skyways for flyers not yet born, pushed back horizons. We know now, thanks to Hughes, the importance of the Arctic to round-the-world flying. New cities will grow near the ice-fields as Fairbanks improves her runways.

All honor to them both, for their courage. Add gratitude to honor for Mr. Hughes, for his contribution.

PREACHERS' PELLETS

If the Church could have the passion of the Communists and the zeal of the early martyrs we would witness a new triumphal entry of Christ into life.—Bishop Thomas C. Darst.

If the Church of Great Britain and America had denounced, at the time, some of the more iniquitous provisions of the Treaty of Versailles and had insisted on justice and appeasement, then totalitarianism might never have developed.—Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins.

Democracy is nothing but the political name for the ideals which Christianity brought into the world as religion.—Dr. Thomas Mann, Author.

The American people, in the year 1938, are not quite as conceited as they were a few years ago. There is more humility in the minds of people. America may be coming of spiritual age.—Rev. C. Everett Wagner.

Humor is necessary to keep the preacher from taking himself too seriously. He has no need to feel the spiritual welfare of the world is threatened because he preaches a poorer sermon than usual.—Dr. Wesley C. Davis.

The Cross is the key that will lock the door on a sinful past.—Dr. R. G. Lee.

The greatest peril confronting this country is what is happening to our womanhood; women now surpass men as drunkards.—Bishop Ralph Cushman.

EDUCATION: The most publicized educator in the United States is Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, thirty-nine-year-old President of the University of Chicago. Up to now this publicity has been all to the good: he has been advertised as a young miracle-worker who some day would work miracles of change in American education. Now the publicity strikes a snag: Robert M. Hutchins is in trouble with those at Chicago who mistrust his youthful ideas in education; they mistrust his attempts to modernize the college that oil built.

Contending that Dr. Hutchins has too much power in the matter of appointments, promotions and salaries, and that he has an "insatiable lust for power," they have decided on a formal investigation. Actually, it goes far deeper than a mere administrative disagreement. Two theories in education are involved. Hutchins wants education to emphasize the "eternal truths" of ancients like Aristotle, Plato and St. Thomas Aquinas. His opponents want the more modern facts of up-to-date philosophy and science emphasized.

The young President vows he will continue his policies unless expressly forbidden by the trustees. And if they forbid, he will probably look for another college to conquer.

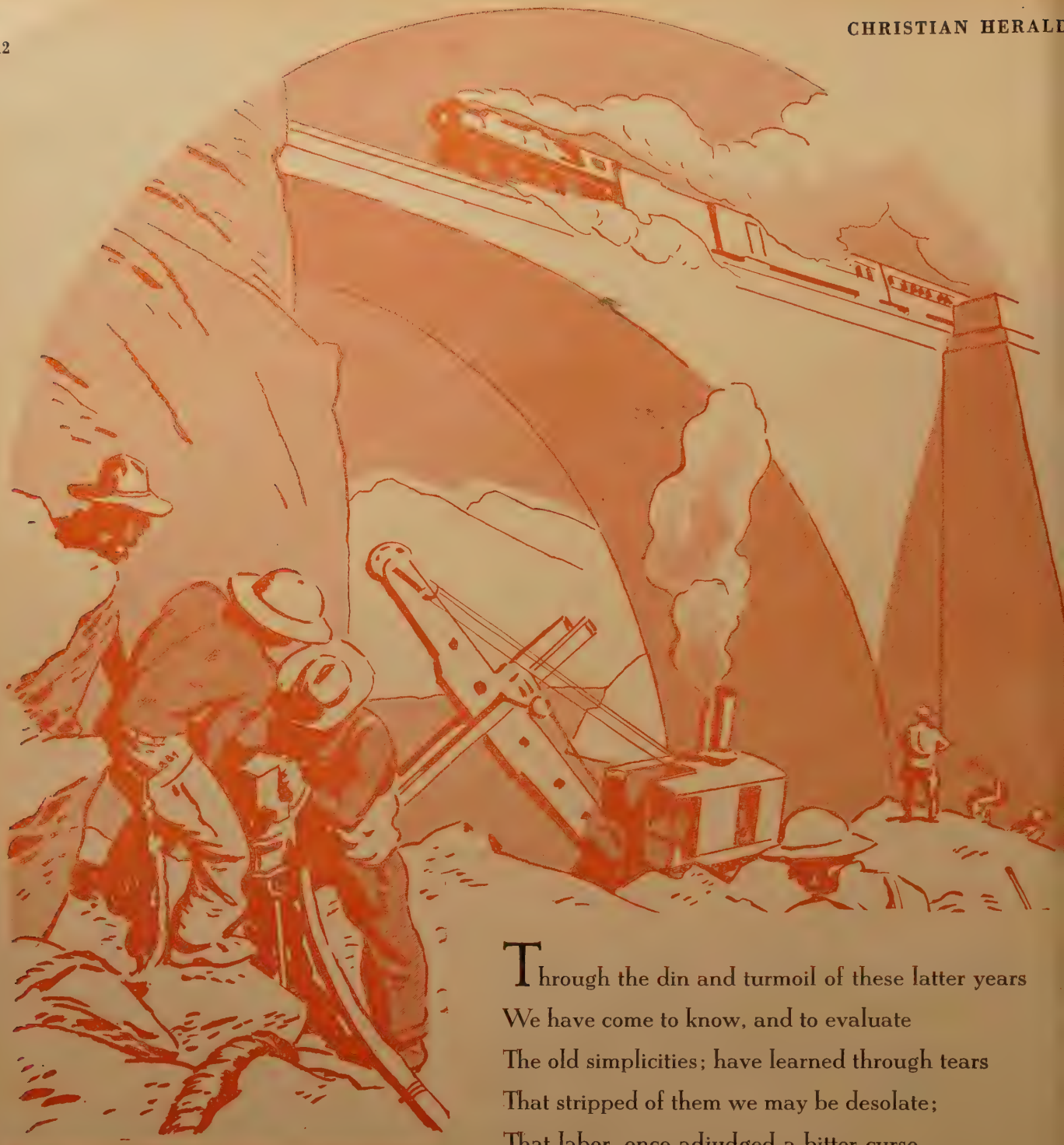
LABOR

LABOR: In the last twelve months four hundred thousand of the United Automobile Workers' Union have been losing their jobs while their leaders fight over the top jobs in the organization; it is as bitter a war as has ever rent the ranks of American labor. The main battle is between young ex-Baptist preacher, President Homer Martin, and belligerent, stocky Organizer, Richard Frankensteen. Day before yesterday they clashed head-on.

The Martin Progressive group believes in powerful centralization; the Frankensteeners fight for local autonomy. Have the twain ever met? According to organizer Frankensteen, Mr. Martin is beginning to act like a dictator; according to Mr. Martin, Mr. Frankensteen wants Mr. Martin's job and has been conspiring with U. A. W. "Reds" to get it.

Mr. Martin is on top at present, but for how long we wouldn't know. He sits on the lid of a boiling pot. While he hangs on he keeps one eye on Frankensteen and the other on one Mr. John L. Lewis, in whose big hands lies the power to fire Mr. Martin or, if he wants to, to put a permanent end to U. A. W.

Rumor has it that Mr. Henry Ford is planning to produce a car to sell for $350. If he does that, what will happen to the whole automobile business, workers, employers, unions and all?



LABOR

By Grace Noll Crowell

Through the din and turmoil of these latter years
We have come to know, and to evaluate
The old simplicities; have learned through tears
That stripped of them we may be desolate;
That labor, once adjudged a bitter curse,
Instead is God's great blessing to mankind;
That idleness is infinitely worse
Than the most arduous work that hands can find.

Surely somehow the tottering world will right
Itself once more, and hearts again will know
The simple joy of toil with rest at night,
And self esteem with all its prideful glow.
God, God, when these strange baffling days are done,
May there be work, clean work for every one!

September 1938

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED 1870

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

C.C.C. CAMPS

Conservation of America's Youth

By HELEN WELSHIMER and JANETTE HARRINGTON

YOU may have passed a CCC Camp as you were driving one day—a row of neat barracks in a pleasant green setting at the edge of a woods, or the side of a mountain.

"Nice place," you probably said. "Who lives here and what do they do?"

"The boys of the Civilian Conservation Corps," perhaps someone replied, recalling the meaning of the three "C's". "You know, young men who couldn't find jobs so they signed up for the work opportunities offered by the government. They—they do all kinds of things . . ."

The chances are that that's where your informant grew stuck. Like most people who read the daily newspapers he knows that America has 260,000 boys and young men on the CCC pay roll at the moment but he doesn't know what they do.

He may think that they receive thirty dollars a month, good clothes, educational instruction, and recreational privileges for performing odd jobs.

Here is where he reveals his ignorance. The boys have a sturdy service to perform, in line with the adventuring conquests of their forefathers. They build bridges and roads, fight forest fires, work farms, plant trees, erect watersheds to protect soil from erosion, take part in flood control, and search for lost children. They engage in archeological work and reforestation. Day and night, they function in local and national emergencies.

They are not a peace-time fighting force. They've never been militarized. They are members of the emergency organization designed to help young men during the economic depression by giving them useful work and a salary to be shared with their needy families.

Five years ago I watched a parade go down the street. The band that made a pattern of music for the procession to follow played gaily and bravely but the tired feet of the boys who marched to it never caught the beat. There were no brass buttons or gilt braid in that parade. Not even a khaki shirt. Long and short, skinny or inclined to a defeated plumpness, fast and slow, they shambled by, always a measure or two behind the gallant music.

There was none of the West Point and Annapolis precision here, nothing to suggest a machine-made unit.

Yet these boys were off to a war that is an economic conflict. They were enlisting to earn a decent living.

Tired, stooped, faces still printed with the marks of hunger, they came in broken lines. Lines—they knew all about them . . . the bread line, the soup line, the employment agency line, the bunk line, and the line to your back door and mine.

There was a boy in overalls who had slept on a park bench for a month. Someone said that the youngster with no toes in his shoes had hitch-hiked six hundred miles to find a job. That was why he

limped so painfully as he walked.

Now these boys were in a new line, one intended to build up health and morale and give them a worthy task.

That was in 1933, when the first CCC recruits were starting to their camps. Since then, there have been close to 2,000,000 young men in these camps which have a vocational frontier that skirts forest and camp and field. The authorized strength of the corps is 350,000 men at any given time, but once it approached 500,000.

All told, there have been as high as 2500 such camps, 1300 of which still exist.

Go to any one of them today. Watch the young men—ages between seventeen and twenty-seven, with twenty-two as the average—engaging in the conservation of natural resources as well as their own manhood. They are hard, brown, healthy, lean, with bright eyes, whistling lips, and polished boots. They work, play, eat, and study.

Officers of the United States Army Reserve Corps were called to patriotic service as the directors of these camps when they opened. Two of them, who since have left the CCC project for private businesses, are ably fitted to explain the camps and what they *do*. Keenly awake to the camps' mission and thoroughly sympathetic, yet in no wise prejudiced, they are able to present the clear perspective that distance gives.

Captain G. B. Hughes, a war veteran with a Reserve Corps Commission, was in charge of three camps in the Delaware district; first the Veterans' Camp, then the junior groups located at Slaughter Beach, Milford, and at Magnolia.

Captain Theodore Klein had four years with the CCC, on a far-flung field, before his father's death necessitated his retirement to the family business organization. He was chosen to take that first group of boys from New York's East Side to the camp at West Yellowstone, Montana, back in 1933. Later he was in charge of the camps at Hungry Mother Park in Virginia and at Boonville, in New York.

A modern Paul Revere pounded on the door of the officers' barracks at the camp in Montana one night to announce that a forest fire was raging and help was wanted. The boys, 156 of them, were sleeping soundly in the cool, bright, dark air, miles removed from the pushcart districts of the narrow streets that wind beneath the elevateds where New York rides down to the harbor.

In three minutes every boy was dressing. In New York a fire meant the clang of whizzing red wagons. Here it meant they themselves.

"The call came at 1:30," says Captain Klein, "and by 2:30 every boy was dressed, fed, and in the truck with his fire-fighting tools. Each boy wore a cap with a carbide lamp for night fire-fighting. For nine days we stayed on the job, making camp for sleeping purposes two and one-half miles away. It was the nearest available place. The fire roared madly. It was caused by a combination of volcano and absinthian fire. Old trees had decayed under ground and were burning.

"We had to both cut down trees and dig lanes two and one half feet deep in the ground to check the blaze.

"But the boys stood by. Food was carried to them in crates, each crate holding enough to feed twenty men. There were several acts of outstanding heroism. For example, when one boy injured his foot badly with an ax, two others volunteered to carry him down the ravine, though the footing was so treacherous that death wasn't impossible. They risked their own necks, but they made it."

Speaking of morale . . .

Boys who never had done anything worthy of commendation came around, asking if they might have their pictures taken, in their fire-fighting apparatus, to send back home!

This was an emergency job. So were the dust storm missions, and the service rendered when the Mississippi became a wide and raging torrent last spring, and spring before that, and the one before that. But the boys were on hand to fight nature.

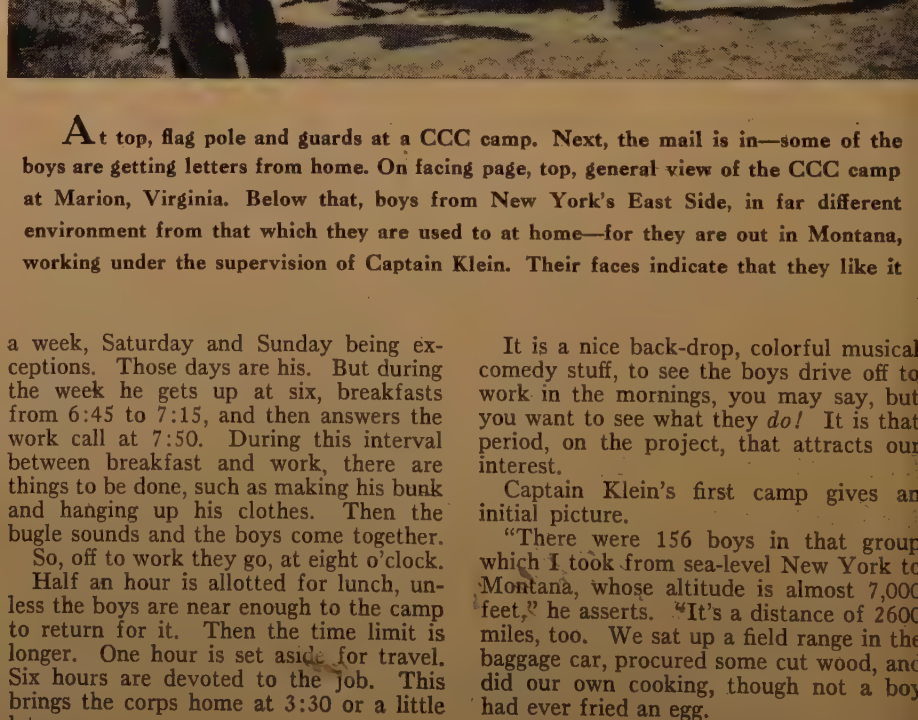
Routine work is the foundation, though, on which the organization is erected. Its schedule is as definite in formula as that of the Picture Framers' Union or the Plasterers' Local.

"The government requires that a man must do physical labor," Captain Hughes explains. "Therefore, if his heart murmurs or his arches are broken, he is disqualified, unless we can fit him into an office position or one without strain.

"A boy is required to work forty hours a week, Saturday and Sunday being exceptions. Those days are his. But during the week he gets up at six, breakfasts from 6:45 to 7:15, and then answers the work call at 7:50. During this interval between breakfast and work, there are things to be done, such as making his bunk and hanging up his clothes. Then the bugle sounds and the boys come together.

So, off to work they go, at eight o'clock.

Half an hour is allotted for lunch, unless the boys are near enough to the camp to return for it. Then the time limit is longer. One hour is set aside for travel. Six hours are devoted to the job. This brings the corps home at 3:30 or a little later.



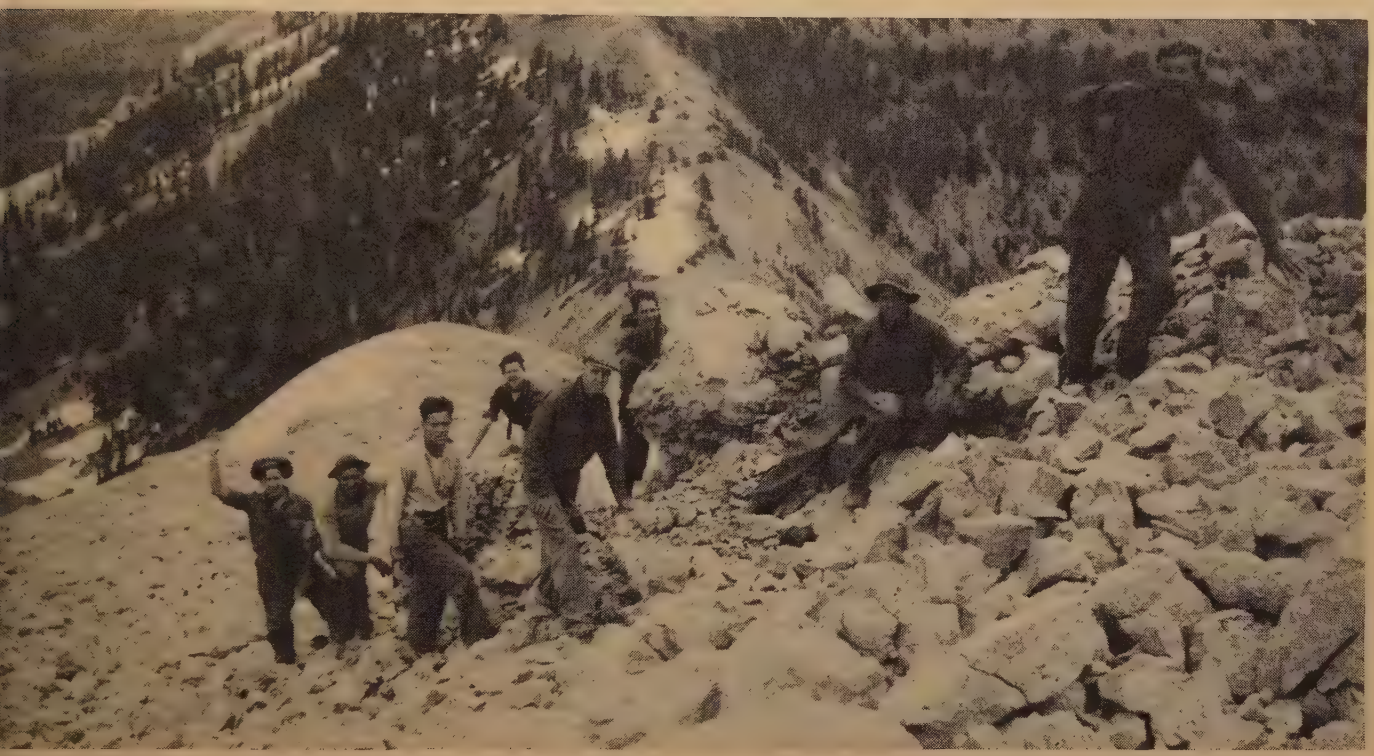
At top, flag pole and guards at a CCC camp. Next, the mail is in—some of the boys are getting letters from home. On facing page, top, general view of the CCC camp at Marion, Virginia. Below that, boys from New York's East Side, in far different environment from that which they are used to at home—for they are out in Montana, working under the supervision of Captain Klein. Their faces indicate that they like it

It is a nice back-drop, colorful musical comedy stuff, to see the boys drive off to work in the mornings, you may say, but you want to see what they *do!* It is that period, on the project, that attracts our interest.

Captain Klein's first camp gives an initial picture.

"There were 156 boys in that group which I took from sea-level New York to Montana, whose altitude is almost 7,000 feet," he asserts. "It's a distance of 2600 miles, too. We sat up a field range in the baggage car, procured some cut wood, and did our own cooking, though not a boy had ever fried an egg.

"On the way out one enthusiastic



oungster suggested that we needed a amp paper; so I told him to get profiles f the boys. Five days later he came back ith a wad of paper six inches thick.

"'Golly, Lieutenant,' he said, 'do ya' now ya' got twenty-six guys on parole om the Police Department?'

"We did—but not a boy ever misbe-aved. Oh yes, one did. He took eighty ollars from a can but I told the group at I expected the money back by morn-g, and when I wakened sure enough, ere it was. A few dollars had been ent, but the boy—I never did know or ant to know who he was—had responded kindness in returning the money.

"At first the boys were homesick. They had nose bleed and pounding of the art from the high altitude. But they covered. They set to work and built oden floors for the tents, a mess hall, rung miles of telephone wires, creosoted nce posts and stubs, and dropped poi-ned oats into gopher holes. Within six onths they had gained an average of venteen pounds per boy and their mus-es were hard.

"This camp cost the government $42,000 but the boys paid it back in the $60,000 in actual work in reforestation and replanting of burned and cutover areas. Two men, some days, planted as many as 1,200 trees."

Before we go into more details let's glance at the map of the great out-of-doors, and see what the CCC boys have accomplished. Statistics, any kind, are always staggering. These are no exception.

The boys have spent 3,000,000 days, man-days, fighting fires.

They have cleared 50,000 miles of fire-break through the forests, strung 50,000 miles of telephone wires, constructed 75,000 miles of truck trails and minor roads for fire protection, spread disease- and insect-control over 13,500,000 acres, surveyed timber on 28,000,000 acres, and planted about 1,000,000 seedlings.

More than 2,500,000 dams have been constructed by them, as well as hundreds of springs, tanks for stock, small reservoirs. They have reclaimed land, helped private industries. . .

No, it wasn't a musical comedy set-up at which we gazed when the boys went off to work. Home from work they came with something *done*.

Furthermore, since a nation's finest asset is her men, they had made a personal contribution of no mean worth. They have found *health*.

"The physical benefit that the boys derive is the greatest good which the camps do," says Captain Hughes. "Along with this goes the improvement in morale when a boy knows he is self-supporting. Each boy is paid one dollar a day, out of which he is required to send twenty-two dollars home, but he usually allots twenty-five dollars for this purpose. The money is checked directly to his family.

"The boys do not mark time. They know they may work toward promotion. For instance, they may become junior leaders who receive six dollars more a month than an average enrollee, and then leaders with an increase of fifteen dollars a month. Under the Civil Service examinations, they may advance to Junior Foremen whose salary is anywhere from ninety

(Continued on page 40)

I do not believe the persons who com before me need a reformer. They need some one who unde stands them, who will speak to them in their own language, an convince them, most of all, that they are guilty of violating the la

I Am a Police Judge

By Judge Henry J. Martin
As Told To Larston Dawn Farrar

ON JANUARY 1, 1918, after having been a lawyer for ten years, I became the judge of the Recorder's Court in Birmingham, Alabama. Since that time, day in and day out, save for Sundays and holidays, I have sat in the courtroom and judged rich men, poor men, beggars and thieves. I have presided at almost 1,000,000 trials. Before me have stood men who could have paid my yearly salary in a moment without blinking an eye—and by their sides have stood other men charged with panhandling dimes around the postoffice. I have faced young men and women caught in the act of adultery and I have chided the parents of the same youths for fighting with rolling pins.

I have glanced up from my bench to look at society women charged with driving while intoxicated, to look into the eyes of husbands accused of beating their wives in ultra-modern apartments, to smile at Negroes who were slaves before the Civil War, charged with fighting over some discussion leading out of arguments about the same war.

Since my city is a fairly large one, I have had to judge many cases of legal importance, cases which were appealed to higher courts. Yet I have learned more from cases in which the human element played the greatest part. My work has taught me much about youth.

Not long ago, I was routinely calling the names of offenders who were pleading guilty when I came to the name of Rosalyn Ogletree. By chance, I looked up from my list as I read the beautiful name and heard a husky young voice say, "Guilty, your honor."

I looked again, before speaking, for before me stood one of the finest specimens of young womanhood I had ever seen. She was blue-eyed, slim and well-built. A mass of curly natural blond hair lay on her perfectly-molded head.

"You've been in jail all night?" I asked, unbelieving, since she was clean and her hair had been combed until it gleamed.

"What do you think? Of course I have, your honor," she replied, and there was hatred in her eyes for me. Not for me alone. For all authority.

"I notice you are charged with disorderly conduct and drunkenness. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing, I entered a plea of guilty, didn't I?"

I called the officers in the case and told them to wait until after court. Then

HENRY J. MARTIN

I ordered the bailiff to confine the young woman until I could talk with her.

After court was over, she was brought back and I asked her to sit in a chair next to mine. She appeared surprised. The officers testified that she had been arrested in a restaurant, after she had smashed a mirror with a brick. They said she was either amazingly mad or very drunk at the time.

I looked at her, beautiful, youthful, intelligent. Yet, her personality and her mind were set against the world. Her eyes seemed to smolder with anger as the officers testified.

"Rosalyn," I said slowly. "I have a story to tell you . . . and I want you to listen carefully. Before I begin, I want to ask you: Did you see the woman who came before me after you?"

"I could not help but notice her. Everybody did. Besides, I had to hear her yelling in the next cell to me all night long."

"Just as I thought. Everybody around town knows her as a besotted wench. Her name is Annie. She has stringy hair, bleary eyes and a disease that is eating away her life's blood. She has lived in and out of our jail since more than ten years ago. She has no friends and she drinks anything from corn whisky to canned heat.

"When I first saw Annie, however, she was as beautiful as you. She had your youth, poise and chances for happiness in life. Like you, she came before me fo drunkenness and disorderly conduc once; and she felt that the world wa against her. There was a qualm of fear— of shame—the first time. The next tim it was not so hard on her conscience an as the months and years passed, she cam more regularly.

"She has been charged many times wit offenses besides drunkenness. I have sen tenced her for harlotry, for petty thiev ery, for assault. Today you saw her a she evidently wished herself to be. N one else made her as she is.

"My dear, do you want to take th same path? You have a chance in thi world. You have all that a young woma needs—health, energy and vitality, t push yourself to life and love."

By this time, the young woman wa weeping silently. I continued to talk wit her, questioning her about the circum stances that brought her into my cour She told me she had come to Birminghan from a distant northern city and that he parents were unknown to her, that sinc her early life she had lived in an or phanage. A few weeks before, disguste with life in the institution, she had flec

In Birmingham, she had been em ployed in a restaurant. When the em ployer became enamored with her, sh had quit. For a week she had lived in house of ill-fame, then had become dis gusted with herself for such wayward ness. The night before, having becom discouraged because she could find n honest work, she had allowed two men t buy her drinks. Becoming intoxicated she had left them and had returned t her former place of employment to te the restaurant boss a thing or two. Henc the disturbance.

A thorough check proved Rosalyn tol me the truth. Subsequently, with the ai of a policewoman, I was able to get he a job in a cafeteria and I believe she now on the road to a fuller life.

Yet, there are thousands where sh was one. Social work among the tran sients of our country is far too inadequat if I get a true picture of national con ditions by the cases which come befor me.

Through the years, plain drunkenne has been the charge placed against th majority of those persons coming befor me. On an average day, at least fift persons will be arrested for offenses con nected with intoxication by some metho For many years, the public has been use

o drunken men, and today there is all too ttle social stigma attached to the prac- ice of too-heavy drinking.

Be this as it may, I have been in a osition to see the direct results of intem- erance. I have learned more of sociolog- cal importance by judging intoxication ases than many lawyers have learned by oring over legal books and criminologists y doing research work in libraries. I ave tried men who were high in the busi- ess, political and civic life of my state or being intoxicated and before me have ome high school girls on the morning fter their first binge and college boys ollowing their first experiences with rong drink.

As I think of the cases of drunkenness, cannot forget a tragedy which has un- olded for years in my courtroom. To- ay, the last act of this long play is being nacted and it is not pleasant to me—the nly person in the audience.

Years ago, so much longer than a dec- de that the exact year escapes my emory, a thinly-built, diminutive little oman came to the bench after court essions were over for the day. She looked if a sudden gust of wind would have own her away, yet something about her timated she had stamina.

She asked me to let her "boy" go free from a jail sentence I had imposed upon him. Impressed by her earnestness, I sent for the "boy." He was a tall, heavyset, bleary-eyed man of at least thirty-five years. He stood before me and his mother and looked like a small boy who had been caught eating jam against his mother's wishes. His eyes lowered when they met hers. I let him make a personal bond, although he owned no property.

That was my first experience with the Kendricks family. It was by no means the last. From that day, the tiny woman came before me regularly. She was not always pleading for the same "boy." She had three sons, ranging in ages from twenty-eight to thirty-five years and each of them became intoxicated with amazing regularity—and were arrested just as regularly. It was a marvel to me how she could come week after week, always with the same apparent love for the besotted boys in her eyes.

Then one day, the eldest of the Kendricks boys came before me. He made no plea and accepted my sentence without question or protest. I had become so accustomed to his mother's presence at the trials, I asked him about her.

"She died last week," he said, with a jerk of his mouth.

He went back to jail.

Two summers ago, our city was visited by a heat wave. I picked up the paper one afternoon and read of a man dropping dead from the heat in the downtown district.

His last name was Kendricks and I recognized him as being the eldest son of the tired old woman, who had long since been dead.

The remaining brothers continued to come before me. The two were degenerating outwardly, however, as their brother had before them. Years before, they had stood before me in white collars and decent clothing. Now their clothes were ragged and their collars were more than frayed. Formerly their shoulders and bodies were lithe and erect; now they were bent and aged in appearance.

Just a few weeks ago, I was perusing the list of men who were to come before me for the day. On the list was the name of Kendricks and I knew the youngest of the three sons would stand before me again.

I was fooled that day.

For early that morning, as he lay in a drunken stupor in the city jail of Birmingham, the youngest of the Kendricks boys died. The jail physician diagnosed the case as "death from acute alcoholism."

Today, I can still watch the drama of the Kendricks family. There is one boy living and he still comes before me. When I look at his face, I think of a broken-hearted little woman fighting a battle against an unbeatable enemy. I think of a family of well-built, fairly intelligent men throwing their lives to the wind because of a love of intemperance. I think of wasted hopes. I think, for some reason, of a long, long night and a long wailing cry coming out of the darkness.

Can we ever explain such cases? Could a group of psychologists have taken the Kendricks family at one time and made it into a worthwhile group of strong men and an earnest woman? Does religion have the solution to this problem? I can only ask the questions, making no attempt to answer. Still, my reasoning tells me there must be some answer.

Basically, the problem presented in this example exists in hundreds of families of my city. Men will allow almost any habit to control them. It may grasp them in a weak moment, but the strongest powers are required to rid themselves of it.

When I was a young judge, just becoming accustomed to meting out sentences, I was faced with the problem of a young friend of mine, a promising young lawyer. He and I had attended grammar and high school together. Later, we had gone to the same university and naturally had studied almost the same subjects.

A moody, although brilliant, chap, he was connected with one of the city's best law firms when he began to come before me regularly, charged with public intoxication. For several months, he came almost one time a fortnight for a while, until one night he was in an automobile wreck. He miraculously escaped injury and the next day was haled into my court.

On the spur of the moment, I ordered him to remain after court so that I could

talk with him alone. Because of our friendship I felt a qualm of apprehension about "preaching" to him. Yet, I did want to help him.

"See here, John," I said, when we were alone. "You'd better wake. Why don't you realize where your present path is going to end for you? If you don't cut out this foolishness, you are going to lose out in life in more ways than one. This intemperance will ruin you. I haven't talked with your partners, but I know they must be rather disappointed in you."

He remained silent under the rebukes. He left with a muttered "thank you" and I believed my words had gone in one ear and out the other—that my talk was useless.

I was wrong. He never appeared before me again as the defendant in a case. And later, he became one of the highest officials of my county, still going strong today.

A few months ago, I looked up to see John's counterpart standing before me. He was John Jr., and was charged with being drunk. His "fun" was just beginning and he came before me regularly for a few weeks—as his father had done seventeen years before. He was a handsome youth, but apparently was easily swayed by his associates. After John Jr.,'s fourth visit to me, John Sr., stopped me on the street one day. Shamefacedly, he brought up the subject of his son's misbehavior.

"Judge," he suggested, cautiously. "Could you give him one of the same kind of talks you gave me one time? The kid is just like I was and he only needs someone to shake him up a little in his mind. I can't talk to him."

"I'll do it . . . on the condition that you never tell him I'm going to talk to him, or let him know that you ever talked to me about his case."

He agreed and the very next week, I talked with the youth, using almost the same approach I had used on his father years before. And he reacted in the same way—temporarily.

However, a few weeks later, he was driving from a nightclub in an intoxicated condition and his car was in head-on collision with another auto. He lived, and so did occupants of the other car, but he was a much sadder and wiser young man.

A while ago, I referred to comedy in the courtroom. Just the other day, I was faced with an unusual case—and I tempered justice with mercy in meting out the punishment.

The man before me was pleading guilty to drunkenness, but he wanted to explain his case to me.

"You see, your honor, I'm asking for mercy because I feel that my case is not like the usual ones. I got drunk because I wanted to conduct an experiment, not because of my perverseness.

"Since I was twenty-nine years old last week, my friends have been kidding me because I had never been drunk in my life. And I have been curious, very often, as to how an intoxicated man feels. So last night, I bought a bottle of whisky and drank it methodically."

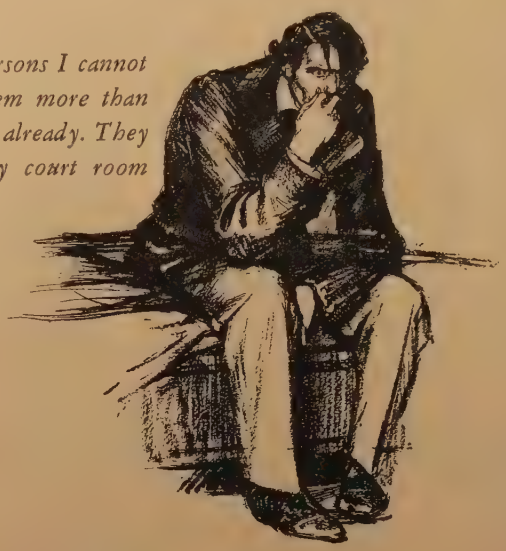
"Well, tell the court how a drunk man feels, please sir," I requested.

"I don't know . . . I can't remember now," he said ruefully, rubbing his head. "But really, that's why I drank what I did. I was willing to pay the price of a headache."

"Then if you are conducting an experiment, you'll want to know how everything about your case feels. And you won't mind paying the price of a fine—only $8 and costs," I said.

He paid.

I have discovered that to some persons I cannot give a sentence that will punish them more than their consciences have punished them already. They have suffered before they reach my court room



Many persons ask me how it feels to judge persons with whom I am well acquainted, or have been friendly in the earlier part of my life. This may be answered by the example of the pretty, although middle-aged woman who was before me one afternoon. Newspaper reporters, who had heard of the woman's charge, came to the courtroom.

The traffic officer who arrested her testified that she had turned on a no-turn corner in the downtown district and that he had placed her under a small bond for it. Then, he testified, she became angry and said she was going to show him up.

"Don't you worry, I'll go free from this charge and any other you give me, copper!" she had said and the officer had given her a ticket for disorderly conduct!

I turned to the lady. She gave her side of the case, maintaining that she did not realize the corner was a no-turn one until she had made it. She spoke openly and truthfully.

After she had testified, the patrolman said he wanted to make another statement.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Your honor, this lady declared at the time I arrested her that she was an old sweetheart of yours and that she knew you were going to let her go free, no matter what happens."

I turned to the woman.

"Is that true? Did you really say that?"

"Yes, judge," she replied. "I said it, but it wasn't true."

"Then in view of the fact that you have been truthful and that you have committed no serious offense, I am going to give you a suspended sentence, without a fine, and let you go."

She thanked me and left. No one would have ever guessed it from our faces, but what she had told the officer in the first place had been the truth. She and I had been "steadies" when we were in college years before and I had wooed her ardently, although we later married other persons.

The newspapers all carried accounts of her statements in the courtroom, but none of the stories carried the complete account—the whole truth.

Despite the impression some of my statements may have left, I have no reformer's complex. I do not believe the persons who come before me need a reformer. They need someone who understands them, who will not harangue them, who will speak to them in their language and convince them most of all that they are guilty of violating the law.

In some cases, I have discovered that to some persons I cannot give a sentence that will punish them more than their consciences have punished them already. They have suffered before they reach my courtroom.

One such man came before me, charged with driving his auto while intoxicated. The night before, for the first time in a life of thirty-five respectable years, he had imbibed too freely at a friend's party. He had left the party in his car, later being arrested as the vehicle went from side to side of the street. Before the defendant's trial one of his friends came to me and said, "Henderson is in terrible shape, mentally. He is liable to do anything. Please be as light as possible on him. When he left jail and went home, he broke down and wept before his wife and children."

I knew Mr. Henderson. I knew he was a respectable, law-abiding citizen. I knew I could say nothing to him that could make him more contrite. His case, too, was held over until after court. Instead of lecturing him, I tried to console him, for his conscience had convicted him before he came to me—and it was a more terrible conviction than any I could have rendered.

While I am definitely not a reformer, it is inevitable that a man who has been on the bench as long as I have should come to some conclusions regarding human nature, although he makes every effort to keep an open mind at all times in the courtroom.

One of my conclusions is that at the bottom of almost every law violation you will find egotism. By egotism I mean the feeling that makes a man or woman say, "Behold me! I am insuperable. What I want, it is my right to have and I will have it. How dare you suppose that any uniform, law book or cell can deter me in my effort to secure it!"

That is the feeling which motivates most of our *(Continued on page 50)*

Our Baby Starts to School

By Ansley C. Moore

At last the great day has arrived. Peggy bids her doll goodbye, and with satchel and lunch box starts happily away

OUR six-year-old, Peggyan, has just climbed over the sides of her little bed and she lies sprawled out, exhausted, sound asleep. She has cleaned her teeth, bathed her face and has given particular attention to her finger nails as her teacher has said that each morning her hands, teeth and face must be "smiling." Her soft, blonde hair has fallen back from her forehead revealing her smooth, olive skin, and on her upturned face there is the expression of contentment, for she started to school today. She has been talking about it for months on end and at long last that great day of her dreams has come and she is at peace with the world.

As I lean upon the sides of her bed looking at her hands which will have many a task to do in school in the years to come, at her feet which will be called upon to walk and run many a long mile before her college graduation day, my own mind jumps back twenty-eight years to my first day in grammar school. Now it seems that I was such a small boy to be thrown out into that world of larger children. She seems small, too, but she is not afraid. She is amazingly confident and that is one of the glories of childhood and youth. She has not seen enough of the road ahead to be cautious and fearful, so today she pitched into her school life with a childish enthusiasm and a superabundance of confidence, while her mother and father—confessing to one another later—brushed a tear or two away from their own eyes frequently during the day.

Why these tears of ours? Not at all because we would have her remain as our baby. In our dreams we see her daily as a rollicking, care-free child of twelve, as a buoyant, laughing high school girl, as a dignified college woman of poise and charm, and we want to see her grow into these experiences. Perhaps the tears are reflections of our own struggles for character and self-mastery, perhaps they are a recognition of the difficulties ahead for her. How many times she will come to a fork in the road! How many times she will come to an unbridged stream! How many times she will come to a mountain over which there is no clear-cut trail! What will she do? Will she escape life by retreating into an inner world of her own creation? Will she succumb and become a defeated personality? Will she seek refuge in the gratification of her own desires? Will she face life squarely and conquer? I don't know. There is no answer to these questions. But I do know that I can help her to select some furniture for her soul, and that I can help her to put in order the chamber in which she really lives—her mind—so that life and the universe in which she lives will not be confusing and puzzling to her.

One piece of furniture that I want to see in the chamber of her soul is a definite recognition of the fact of God in the universe and in human life. She, like all children, is naturally religious. She prays, at our suggestion, as readily as she eats or retires. She knows that God made her, her family, the world and "all things." But God is still perhaps an absentee ruler to her and He hasn't very much to do with the everyday life of little girls. I want her, as the years come and go, to move deeper into the meaning of the Fatherhood of God, to search out the unsearchable riches of divine grace and love, to feel the thrill of the throb of God in the world in the springtime, to recognize the features of God's face in the faces of His children, and to know that the power of God flows through her own soul like a mighty torrent if she does not clog up the stream. I want her to look into the heavens and see in the course of Orion and Pleiades the might and the wisdom of God. And when the "dawn comes up like thunder," I want her to see that this same God of might and wisdom is also a lover of beauty. And as she looks upon the dawn, the sunset, a bed of roses, I want her to see also that this God who has fashioned so many things of beauty in nature is also a lover of beauty in character.

Another piece of furniture that I want to see her select as she furnishes the chamber where she really lives—this babe of ours who lies there a-sleeping—is a recognition of Christ's way of love as the only way for mankind. She knows about Christ, about His manger, about His love for little children, and so on. But I want her to go much farther than that. How much farther? To a cross? My soul, not our baby! We didn't "born" her for that. But I want her to walk the way of love. I want her to put that Christ on the throne of her heart, that Christ who died because He did nothing more criminal than to love men as they had never been loved before. But if He is on the throne in her life, what about the cross? The cross will have to be there, too. I can see that. If she loves with her whole heart, if she recklessly throws her life away for the way of love, if she is foolish enough to persist in loving the enemy when her country says, Kill him; if she is stupid enough to love some yellow man, red man, black man when her social group says, Ostracize him; if she is dull enough to hold out for equality of privilege and a fair return for the man who labors when the economic order says, Bleed him; if she becomes a fool for Christ's sake, there surely will be a cross somewhere along the way. I accept that reluctantly. She moves her hand so that the palm is upturned. Nails in those little palms? O God, not that. Let it be somebody else's babe, not mine. But that is the way of love and I want her to walk that way for it is the way of Christ.

Another piece of furniture which I want

(Continued on page 53)

Mrs. Caleb's Boarder

The dramatic story of life in a small city in the early 1900's, and how a young minister in his first pastorate met his problems

By Arthur C. Baldwin

SILAS HART, senior deacon and lifetime member of the First Church of Millvale, stood at the church door while an incoming stream of worshipers seemed very likely to fill the church before the hour of the service arrived. The deacon faced this prospect with smiling equanimity. He was a kindly-faced, white-haired man, bearded but clean shaven on his upper lip, with an alertness of manner that belied his nearly seventy years. His bright eyes twinkled in friendly fashion as he greeted the people, and the smiles that met his welcome told of his popularity.

"Hello, Jim." The deacon's hand stretched out to welcome a prosperous-looking man of middle height. It was Colonel James Knowles, a retired manufacturer. With him were his wife and his daughter, Mary, the latter a young woman in the early twenties. "Looks like we're going to give our new Pastor a great welcome this morning," remarked the deacon, beaming over the more than half-filled room. "Don't know when I've seen so many folks all making up their minds to go to church. The streets are almost crowded."

"I guess folks know a good thing when they see it," grunted the Colonel. "They've been curious ever since he came to town. He's young, and he's red-headed and he's unmarried. The girls know that, hey Mary?" He glanced slyly at his daughter. "Shucks, Silas, it would have been a sin and a shame if Phineas—"

His daughter pressed his arm. "Hush, father. We're in church."

"Yes, yes, of course. Don't you suppose I know it?" said the Colonel testily. "Guess it's time we sat down. You go first, Mary."

Following his wife and daughter, swinging his cane with a proprietary air, James Knowles started down the aisle. Before he went, however, he turned and smiled maliciously at a short, heavy, somber-faced man who had followed him into the church.

Deacon Hart was greeting this brother with great warmth. "Hello, Phineas," wringing his hand. "A great morning we are having. Joe has been saving your seat for you but he's had a hard time."

Phineas Clouse, commonly known as the Squire because years before he had served one term as a justice of the peace, acknowledged the greeting with dignity. His heavy features were set in a frown of open disapproval. "Your crowds mean nothing sir," he rasped in a heavy, grating bass. "They simply show curiosity, sir. A young stripling without experience, expecting to learn how to preach by practising on a patient people. As I told you, sir, we are tempting Providence, opening the way to scandal. Wait a year. I've seen young fellows just out of the seminary before. No reserve, no experience, no judgment. I warned you."

Evidently primed to say more, the Squire found himself pushed away from the kindly Deacon and, shaking his head gloomily, permitted himself to be led to his seat. There he sat down heavily with an air Jonah might have assumed as he sat over against Ninevah.

Freeing himself from the rush, the Deacon watched the Squire for a moment, a frown on his usually gentle face. So that was it. The man was still thinking of the church meeting where he had been outvoted. "He's not a good sport," he reflected, "but pshaw, he never was."

The meeting thus recalled was the one which had extended a call to Mr. Bruce Hardy, graduating from the Berean Seminary, to become its Pastor. This, the Squire had opposed. His candidate, Rev. Homer Wile, a man of about forty years, was far the better man in his judgment. "He has maturity, sir, a broad experience to fit him for this important place."

As for the Seminary from which Mr. Bruce Hardy was graduating, Squir Clouse could not find words fittingly t express his fear and abhorrence. "A ho bed of liberalism, a fomenter of heres and division, a supporter of evolution an rationalism. The effect of such instructio on impressionable youth is pathetic be yond words." The Squire had sat dow mopping his forehead and convinced tha he had made the oratorical effort of his life

Then Mrs. Caleb had slowly risen Which side she was going to take, no on knew. A life-long resident of Millvale widowed for so long that no one though of her deceased husband, she had com by her own shrewd strength of characte to a high place of influence. With littl formal education, Mrs. Caleb had way of her own of finding the nub of th matter.

"I've been lookin' for a leadin'," sh had announced while the Deacon was wo riedly waiting to see which way her menta steed was about to jump. "I've been con fused. When the young man was here favored him and then when this Elde Wile that Phineas likes so much comes t town I sort of favored him. And then begun to compare 'em." Mrs. Cale paused while applause led by the Squir died down. "The young man didn't hav a wife to stiddy him. I allus feel a ma needs a woman round, even a preache does, to keep him from foolishness."

"I was thinkin', too, about Elder Wile Mrs. Caleb went on. "He preached re good, he certainly did. He had me cryi half the time. I don't know when I've en joyed myself so much. And then he begu callin' on folks." She shook her hea "That wasn't right. It was playin' fo votes. It wa-ant humble like. I wondere then if the Lord wanted that kind of man to come to us and I asked him for leadin'."

Here the good lady paused and pr duced a well worn Bible. "I asked th Lord to open it and show me a vers Then I opened it blind and here's wh I read."

Very slowly in the midst of a straine silence she adjusted her spectacles an read, "Not many wise after the flesh, n many mighty, not many noble are called

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

An incoming stream of worshipers seemed very likely to fill the church before the hour of service arrived

"That's the way the Lord spoke to me," she said with finality, closing the Book. "Just when I was thinkin' how wonderful Elder Wile was and how mighty his sermons was, the Lord stopped me. Not many of that sort gits by and they ain't goin' to git by me."

"Not many, Sister, not many, is what it says." Squire Clouse had long since stopped his smiling and had now risen to hurl his exegetical suggestion across the room. "It don't say you can't call one."

Mrs. Caleb compressed her lips. "I don't think it favors the high and mighty at all," she declared with finality. "What the Book says is a little child shall lead them. I guess I ain't goin' to vote against Mr. Hardy cause he's young." The applause which greeted these last words indicated how the vote was going to go.

As Silas Hart reflected upon the strange way in which the call to their new Pastor had been brought about, he continued to welcome the people. There was Deacon Reuben Pike, grizzled weather-beaten farmer with his plain, tired-looking little wife. Mrs. Caleb appeared, large, serene, competent, proceeding to her place with the calm dignity of an ocean liner. Deacon Hart welcomed her as an ally who not only had enabled them to call the Pastor by an almost unanimous vote but now was giving him room and board in her comfortable home.

Noticeable among the arrivals were Mrs. Samuel Darnley and her daughter Kathryn. Her husband, she informed the solicitous Deacon, had been kept away by a previous engagement.

"I guess he thought you'd all have heart disease if he came in," Kathryn said dryly, interrupting her mother's excuses. "What's the use of explaining, mother? No one expected him."

"No more they didn't." Joe Wallace, Head Usher had come up in time to hear Kathryn's remark and added this word soto voce in the Deacon's ear. "It looks like standing room only," he went on happily. "Isn't it great? Hello, Emma." His bow included a slender, plainly dressed girl with three small sisters and brothers. Perplexed, he looked over the room. "I don't know where I'm going to put you but come on."

A moment later Joe returned grinning. "I put 'em in John's seat," he whispered, "and won't he howl?"

At this moment, a carefully groomed, well fed, dapper little man appeared in the doorway. It was John Dale, church Treasurer and proprietor of Millvale's leading drygoods store. With him was his wife and daughter, the latter a girl of about eighteen, Gwendoline, a slender blonde with flirtatious eyes and provocative lips.

"I see the Squire has come after all," remarked the merchant as he looked over the audience.

"Yes, but he's a mite sore yet," remarked the Deacon twinkling at Gwendoline.

"You would expect that. Consider the source," said Dale carelessly. "Mebbe he was right in wanting the older man but Aunt Hannah settled it and we ought to go along. What the church does is all right with me."

Still smiling in the superior fashion of a man who does his duty when all around are falling short, John Dale followed his family down the aisle until he saw the Spiger children occupying his pew. He stopped short, half turned frowning as though about to return and demand that Joe expel them, and then as room was made for his family in different pews, resignedly sat down with the air of one much abused.

"We will hear from him later on." Joe nudged the Deacon.

At this moment Miss Fannie Law, spinster of uncertain age and long time organist, began her Voluntary and Bruce Hardy appeared in the pulpit. There was a discreet craning of necks. What the people saw was a young man in ministerial black with a flaming aureole of red hair that seemed to have uttered a declaration of independence of all brushes and combs. Conscious of many eyes and somewhat embarrassed thereby, there was none the less a steadiness and lightness in his step as he walked across the platform and a quiet dignity as he sat down in the large chair. When he rose to open the service there was a slight tremor in his voice that went straight to the heart of every woman present. As he went on his voice grew clear and his manner assured.

In his heart of hearts, Bruce Hardy was wildly, exuberantly happy. He felt no need of sympathy. The vision of the years was at last being realized. While the organist was playing he had faced the people as through a haze. Trooping through his mind were scenes of his childhood and youth, the church where he had been reared, the pew he had sat in with his mother while his father was in the pulpit. Now they were gone and he was here to carry on. A week ago he had stood before a Council and the prayer of ordination had been offered and now he was to stand in his own church before his own people. Again, his father's last word to him as he left home for the Seminary came to him. "Speak from your life, my boy. Tell people what you see and feel." He was going to try to do that today.

Then, a little old lady, Amanda Peel, as he knew afterwards, floated down the middle aisle holding an ancient parasol opened over her head. Calmly, sedately, as though she had been on Main Street, gray corkscrew curls bobbing under a long outmoded hat with lavender at her throat and wearing a black silk basque and very full skirt, she continued placidly to her pew. Only then did she become conscious of the open parasol and many smiles. With a slight look of annoyance, she closed the parasol very deliberately and seated herself, spreading out her voluminous skirt with unruffled dignity. Her manner seemed to say that the occurrence was too trivial to receive such attention.

Joe Wallace and Silas Hart exchanged glances.

"Mandy's getting more absent-minded," whispered Joe.

"She misses Tom," said the Deacon soberly. It was too bad that Tom Moore had not come. It would have been just the right time to begin. It was nearly two years since Tom had been in the church, not since he lost his little boy. It was too bad. It was a job now for the new pastor. There were others also whom the Deacon missed this morning. There was Joe's son, Robert, and Blair Clouse. Not so easy to reach, young fellows like them, but the pastor was young, too, and the Deacon had hopes.

At the close of the service, propelled by Silas Hart's friendly hand, the new pastor came to the church door and shook hands with an endless line. His arm was pump-handled and his fingers painfully squeezed. Young lads shook hands stiffly and said nothing. Young ladies shook hands and said many things, using their eyes to the best advantage meanwhile. Proud mothers introduced their families one by one and asked him to call, to come often, and stay all day. He repeated names until they ceased to have meaning. He smiled until the back of his head ached.

And as he did so the people studied him. They saw a young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts, with a trim, athletic figure and a square chin. He had a high forehead over deep set, cool gray eyes that could look people in the face with a level gaze and glisten and dance in a contagious smile that provoked smiles of their own. During the week they had watched him as he strode briskly about. He had not looked like a minister. He did not measure up—or was it down—to the physical aspects usually associated with the clerical profession. He wore no clerical collar. Instead of ministerial garb he had met the warm June weather in a two piece suit without a vest. He looked like one of the traveling men who stopped off at Millvale on the way to or from New York. He might, too, have been mistaken for a college student home from his vacation.

Today in his Prince Albert he looked more clerical. Millvale was satisfied with either costume. Bruce, too, was happy. In this first Sunday of his first pastorate he was in a seventh heaven of bliss. What did it matter if his artistic sense had quivered and groaned over a squeaky organ and a flatting choir? With all these allies, anything was possible. The service would be more dignified and beautiful. Needed talent would be uncovered. Dingy places would be brightened. Even a new church might come in time. He was on the crest of the wave.

"Thar's gold in them hills." Bruce Hardy was standing at his window watching the long procession of operatives moving toward the mills. "There's gold there" he repeated, happily as the last of the

workers passed the house and disappeared into the mill a block down the street. Yesterday a number of those people had been in his church. There were going to be more. He was going to get a bunch of those young fellows together during the Sunday School hour. What they would talk about, he did not know, but they would talk—that was the main thing. There was nothing of the sort in the church now. He frowned. What sort of a man was the former pastor? No young people's interests excepting two or three Sunday School classes that did not seem to be doing anything in particular.

Next Saturday he was planning to go out and play ball. That would be a good way to meet some of those fellows. Unconsciously he flexed his arm. The prospect was not displeasing. He had been a pitcher and outfielder in college. It would seem good to play again and he would get acquainted. What would they think when they saw a minister playing ball? Yes, and what would Mrs. Caleb think? He was not so sure as to the answer to this latter question but she was a sensible woman and he needed exercise.

Through the open window he could hear the dull roar of mill machinery. The bag mill was busy just now and the people seemed glad. Through the windows he had seen operatives at the machines, on the go every moment, watching, feeding, adjusting. It was like another world, this dinner-pail town where people moved obedient to whistles and the welfare of the entire village depended on the mills. His thought turned back to the cloistered beauty of the college town that was his boyhood home, where the university furnished the atmosphere with lectures, concerts, a rich library and hosts of young people. How far away it all seemed. The grooves of thought here were different. He would miss the music, the cultural privileges of home and seminary but—the young man's shoulders squared—there were people here and already he loved them.

Two things lay before him in the program of the day, an afternoon call on Colonel James Knowles and his first meeting with his Prudential Committee.

"You want to git acquainted with Jim Knowles," Mrs. Caleb had advised him at the breakfast table. "He's been the big financial backer of the church. It was his father that started the mills here and Jim he took 'em over until he sold out."

"Why do they call him Colonel?" Bruce asked with interest.

"He was in the militia once," responded Mrs. Caleb, "and the title sort of stuck."

That afternoon, Bruce found a warm welcome in the Knowles home. "Glad to see you, Dominie. Sit down."

Bruce settled himself with a feeling of content. The Knowles living room was large. Current magazines were on the table. Shelves that lined one side of the room were filled with books. On the wall were well selected pictures. A great divan before a large fireplace gave promise of comfort on winter evenings.

"Mrs. Caleb tells me your father started the paper industry here," he began.

The Colonel nodded. "He came here a poor boy and went to work. After a while he got hold of a bit of water power and things grew."

"It's all very new and different to me," Bruce confessed, wondering if the Colonel would be interested in his story, but it was evident he was not listening.

Rapidly, proudly, Colonel Knowles recounted the village history and the part his father had had in its development. In his own boyhood, the mills had multiplied and employed more than a thousand. "He put me through those mills," he chuckled. "I started in at the bottom and went the whole way. When father died and I took the plant over, I knew the paper business from A to izzard.

"Those were great days. It was the mills that made Millvale. We paid good wages and I knew every man-jack of the help. Any man could come to me if things were not right and we settled it then and there. Now," he threw up his hands, "absentee ownership, that's the problem. The whole thing is impersonal."

At this moment Mary Knowles came in. "My daughter," said the Colonel simply as the two men stood.

"We all enjoyed yesterday," the girl remarked, giving him her hand. "I am sorry mother cannot see you. She has a headache this afternoon."

Bruce noted her well modulated, musical voice, very different from the hard, metallic tones that were all too common in Millvale. Her figure was of medium height, slender, and merry eyes met his frankly with no apparent attempt to make an impression. The oval of her face was symmetrically framed by a profusion of dark hair evenly parted and gathered in a soft knot upon her neck.

"I hope you won't let me interrupt you," she said, taking up some needle work. A diamond flashed on her left hand.

"We were talking about the mills," Bruce informed her as he noted the diamond. "I was thinking as you spoke," he turned to her father, "what a pity it was that you sold out. Perhaps you had to," he added quickly.

"That's right. I had to. It was sell or be smashed. They got Sam Darnley into it, too, and when I saw that I threw up my hands. They paid me well, though."

"Who is Sam Darnley?"

Both the Colonel and Mary looked surprised. "Haven't you heard of Sam yet? His wife is a member of our church."

"He never comes," added his daughter, "but Mrs. Darnley and Kathryn were there yesterday."

"He's the boss, the big boss," explained the Colonel. "He runs everything in a political way in the town and the county, too. The Trust got him in with them before they made me an offer and Sam came to me. Of course that settled it."

"And father has been out of a job ever since," Mary contributed with some heat. "And that isn't so much fun, is it, father?"

Colonel Knowles shook his head gloomily. "That's right. A man doesn't like to get shelved, not when he's been busy all his life. Nothing to think of but this dashed rheumatism."

Bruce Hardy felt aroused. "I've heard about these bosses," he remarked indignantly, "and it always riles me. We don't have to have them. Why do the people stand for it?"

"Somebody has to be in control," explained the Colonel, "and the fellows we elect usually aren't big enough for the job. When a man's in business and needs to have something done, a railroad siding, say, or more hydrants, the ordinary run of authorities can make you all sorts of trouble. I could go to Sam, tell him what I want, make my contribution to the party treasury and that was all there was to it. When Sam said a thing would be done, you could take his word for it. If there wasn't a boss you'd have to go to half a dozen men and then you wouldn't know where you are. Under our free-for-all you've got to have some party leader and discipline. Big business needs the boss. That's why you have him."

Bruce shook his head. "I suppose you are right; but if this man Darnley is as ubiquitous as that, he's due for a surprise one of these days." He nodded confidently. "A church is a church and it takes its orders from a Higher Command."

When Bruce Hardy arrived at the church that night he found a company of nine men gathered in the shabby vestry. There was no small room, apparently, for their meeting, and they had collected near the front under a few lights with dark cavern-like spaces behind them. Bruce greeted them one by one seeking to get a better idea of the material he would have to work with.

"Well, Pastor, we're all here," said Silas Hart, his eyes twinkling over the company. "It's the biggest meeting this Committee has had in many a day. I hope the brethren will keep it up. This is the way I like to see it." Nodding, smiling, his happy friendliness including every man, the Deacon waited a moment. "I suppose we'd better open the meeting in the regular way, have prayer and let Joe read the minutes. Then we'll let the pastor tell us what he wants."

"Mebbe we ought to have John tell us a bit about the state of our finances," the Deacon suggested when the Clerk had read his report. "How about it, John?"

"I'm sorry," she said, with a certain reserve, moving toward the gate. "I'm not going home then. I always stop and have tea with Mandy Peel"

☆

An Old-Fashioned Home

By Rawley Lemley

I like old-fashioned gardens;
Honeysuckle on the wall;
Hollyhocks blooming by the fence;
Zinnias, in the fall.

Asters, quite a bed of them!
Velvet pansies, shy;
Dahlias, very stately!
Golden sunflowers high.

Larkspur, phlox, verbenas,
Clove pinks, mignonettes;
Hyacinths and tulips,
Lilacs, violets.

With these, a house that rambles;
Its windows open wide
To give the sun a welcome
And bid it shine inside.

☆

John Dale adjusted his eye glasses. "Things are not so bad," he informed them. "We had an extra good collection yesterday and all the bills are paid excepting the note."

"We're owing the bank a thousand," explained Deacon Hart with as much of a frown as his kindly face could assume. "Too bad about that. They don't press us but the interest counts up." He turned to Bruce. "We're hoping, pastor, that mebbe you can jack folks up a bit. They haven't been giving the way they might."

Bruce was waiting with growing impatience while the time was frittered away over inconsequentials. A new pastorate was opening. The church needed to understand what he wanted and discuss it intelligently. These men were in the position of leadership. Already, a half hour of valuable time had passed. He glanced at his watch.

"Well, pastor, is there anything you would like to say to the Committee before we adjourn?" inquired Deacon Hart innocently. Apparently, he had forgotten the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

Bruce choked. Anything he would like to say? There were so many things—a remaking of the order of service with attention to beauty and aesthetic impression, a presentation of ideals of service, plans which had worked elsewhere and might be adapted to the particular needs of Millvale, his hope to gather a company of young men in a Bible class who would have some place of meeting during the week, a survey of the needs of the people, things they would like to have the church offer them. One after another he set them out, gladly, enthusiastically, dreams he had cherished during his seminary days, ideas he had found in reading, ways in which a living, loving faith might express itself in the life of today. "We can't go on repeating what our fathers used to do in another day," he said. "Religion is like a prairie fire. It must go on or go out."

As he talked he was conscious of blank stares. Eyes were wandering. John Dale looked at his watch. Silas Hart was nodding his head agreeably but his eyes were puzzled.

"Don't you think, Pastor," the Deacon ventured when Bruce paused, "that we ought to be planning for a revival next winter. That's the way to build up a church. You get people warmed up with some real religion and they will do most anything." He looked around as heads nodded in solemn agreement.

Phineas Clouse who had listened in unwonted silence to what his young Pastor was saying now unbent in warm approval. "That's right, Silas. That's right," he rasped. "This social gospel don't go deep enough. Men need to be born again." His large head shook with foreboding. "When our Pastor has been here longer and, harrumph, had more experience, he will see. We must keep down on the fundamentals, harrumph." Clearing his throat and having recourse to his large bandana, the Squire smiled his satisfaction over the way matters were going.

"Guess you'll need a new church before you can do much with all them things," rumbled Reuben Pike. "We just ain't got the room." He waved a knotted hand.

"Sam was talking with me about that very thing," chirruped Silas Hart. "I don't know what he would say to all this the Pastor has been talking about, but he knows about a lot that he might get for us cheap."

"And then what?" demanded John Dale skeptically. "Where you going for all that money?"

"Of course I'd like to see a new church sometime just the same as the rest of you," said Bruce, who had determined to be very tactful. "As I see it that is not an issue now. We can do what we want to when the time comes,—I'm sure of that. What I want now is to use what we've got a hundred per cent. This church is closed most of the time. Let's see what we can do with it."

Silas twinkled. "I'm in favor of that and mebbe, Pastor, we can have a big revival next fall."

"It would be a wonderful thing," Bruce assented with all the sincerity he could assume. In spirit he was trying to throw off a feeling of depression. Suddenly, the air seemed stifling. He had come down from a mountain to foggy, valley air. It was not that his men had little vision, it was their apparent lack of capacity to catch the vision when he gave it to them. Seeing they did not see; hearing they did not understand. The routine of the years had closed their ears and dimmed their eyes. They did not want their Pastor to be a leader. Like people, like priest. All they wanted was an echo, one who would repeat to them what they had always believed and tell them what they wanted to

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Above, Estelle M. Sternberger, who is making the public peace-minded through the advertising of World Peaceways. Right, the delegation which presented the People's Mandate to the Buenos Aires Peace Conference

The NEW PATRIOTISM

By Eve Garrette

AS I was having a contemplative cup of tea in a New York restaurant several days ago, a middle-aged woman with a sensitive, intelligent face, and eyes that were stark with loneliness, came up and hesitatingly asked to sit at my table. Since the room was far from crowded, I knew that she was more hungry for talk than food. It is the sort of thing that comes upon all of us, on occasion, therefore I made her welcome. While we chatted about books, about Flagstad's *Brünnhilde,* which we had both heard, I studied my vis-a-vis idly. Obviously, she was a lady; in moderately comfortable circumstances, I should say. Her clothes were well made, of good, though not expensive material; she wore a gold brooch at her throat that was probably a family heirloom, a gold wedding ring and a solitaire on her finger. Suddenly she put down her teacup and said to me in a trembling voice:

"I've got to find something to do!"

I looked startled. What now, I wondered.

"Please don't misunderstand," she hastened to reassure me. "You see, I don't know how to employ my time. My days are so empty now."

Then she explained that she had lost her husband some months previously, after thirty years of a completely absorbing and happy life together. Her two sons were grown and married, with homes and interests of their own. Which was the way she wanted it to be for them, she told me. It was plain that here was no mother parasite type.

"But," she went on, "I can't go on like this. Living a life that has no purpose—no value."

"But haven't you any interests?" I asked. "Aren't you affiliated with some club or organization?"

"I'm not much of a joiner," she said mildly. "Though of course my husband and I have always lent our financial support to the proper groups."

"I see," I said. Her attitude of mind was thoroughly familiar. It is common to the intelligent, domestic woman, who finds in her home and family and personal hobbies and cultural tastes the complete outlet for self-expression. And I wondered what possible solution there could be to the problem that was now her tragedy.

"There is one thing, though—" she leaned forward anxiously. "Do you know anything about the peace movement?"

"Are you interested in peace?"

Her eyes flashed. "If my husband had not gone off to France to make the world safe for democracy, he would not be lying in his grave this Decoration Day. Now everyone is saying another war is coming soon. I'd like to do something to protest against it."

"That's interesting," I said. And I thought of the group of Protestant ministers, led by such men as Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick and Bishop Francis J. McConnell, who only a few months ago made public the statement that, in the belief that a second world war "does not seem far off," they had signed the following peace pledge:

"In loyalty to God, I believe that the way of true religion cannot be reconciled with the way of war. In loyalty to my country, I support its adoption of the Kellogg-Briand pact which renounces war. In the spirit of true patriotism, and with deep personal conviction, I therefore renounce war and will never support another."

I told my vis-a-vis about it.

"Why," she exclaimed. "It sounds as if peace were the *new patriotism!*"

"That's what Jane Addams always called it. But people are just beginning to believe her."

"I should like very much to join one of the peace organizations," she said. "Do you suppose they could make use of me?"

"Only until you drop in your tracks."

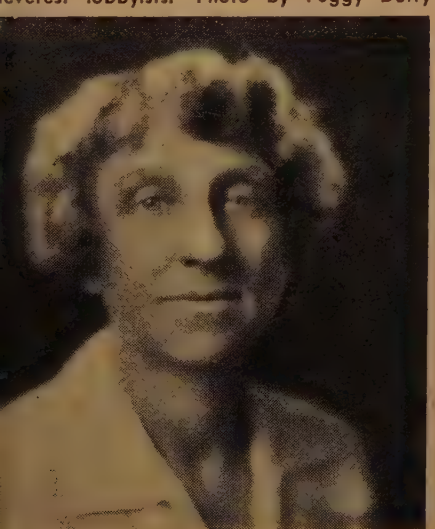
"You mean I'll be kept busy?" I nodded. She clasped her hands eagerly. "But how?"

"Do you like to write letters?"

"Why, yes." She looked surprised.

Josephine Schain, the energetic hairman of the Committee on the Cause nd Cure of War, clearing house for 6,000,000 omen whose organizations work for Peace

Dorothy etzer, National Secretary of the Women's nternational League, one of Washington's leverest lobbyists. Photo by Peggy Duffy



Mabel Vern- n, Director of the People's Mandate Com- ittee to end war. Photo by Harris & Ewing

The veteran Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, approving the new Peace Stamp sponsored by one of her committees

"Then consider yourself provided with a life work."

"But to whom—"

"You will write to your Congressmen, your Senators, to the editor of your newspapers and magazines and newsreels, to radio stations, and motion picture companies in Hollywood. You will be that all-important voice of public opinion, raised in the cause of peace."

"I don't understand."

I explained that the emphasis of the peace movement today is upon direct action. Its argument in relation to politics is, "governments make wars; the people make governments; therefore, concentrate the attention of the people upon their representatives in public office and see to it that they express its will for peace." I said that peace organizations make it their business to inform themselves exactly concerning what is going on in Washington—on Capitol Hill, behind State Department doors, in the White House. They keep close records of every government official's activities, pro and con, on what he, as a person, is doing about keeping our country out of another war. That information they feed to their members throughout the United States, asking that they form themselves into "Committees of Correspondence" (just as our forefathers did when they were founding this nation), for the purpose of telling others what they know. Most important, they request their members to write to their representatives in Washington pointing out that they are interested observers of their activities in behalf of peace; as well as to editors, ministers, lecturers, writers, all of whom are directly affected by popular sentiment.

"An intelligent, alert, informed letter-writer can be a powerful force in molding American thought," I concluded, adding that one has got to get out and find out what is going on in order to do so. Learn how to combat propaganda.

"Do you believe our public is peace minded?"

"Twelve million of our most representative citizens are. People go where their leaders go."

"The peace movement is well organized then?"

"Some sixty of the most influential and most powerful bodies in the country are unified for one cause—peace. In addition to the peace groups themselves, such strong organizations as the Y.W.C.A., the General Federation of Women's Clubs, League of Women Voters, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, National Federation of Business and Professional Womens Clubs, International Society of Christian Endeavor, Council of Women for Home Missions, Foreign Missions Conference, American Association of University Women, and the Department of International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, are pledged to the movement for the purpose of building up a vast and united anti-war opinion. Therefore, if you belong to the Y.W.C.A. for example, you are automatically part of the peace movement."

"I prefer to belong to a group that concentrates its sole attention upon peace," she said firmly. "Which organization shall I join?"

"I'm sorry I can't tell you," I said. "Selecting your personal brand of peace is as much a matter of conscience as your religion. As well as of individual taste, temperament, and intellectual capacity. There are as many varieties of peace societies as types of human being. That, of course is why the movement has such vitality and is so completely American."

"But I don't want to find myself in some Communist organization by mistake," she protested. "Do advise me about groups for my kind of person."

I thought for a moment. It seemed a tall order.

"Suppose I tell you about some of the important women in the peace movement," I suggested. "Any organization which bears the name of any of them on its letterhead, you may be sure, is of the first water. Too, talking about these women may be a guidepost. For the organizations with which they are associated, so clearly reflect their character—the things of life they stand for. Then I will give you a list of the peace organizations which are anxious for members such as yourself. You can write to them for further information. In this way, you will be making a completely intelligent choice."

So I told her about how the spirit of Jane Addams lives today—for there can be no discussion of the great ones without beginning with the greatest of them all—in the organizations she founded, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and in the People's Mandate Committee to End War, an offshot of that body. The Women's International League, which has more than one hundred branches throughout the United States, is led by its young, handsome, and clever national secretary, Dorothy Detzer. She is of forthright Quaker stock, and it was she and her organization which drove through the Nye investigation of the munitions industry in 1936—to mention but one of its practical achievements. Mabel Vernon, a blonde, brilliant, practical idealist, who introduced suffrage tactics into the peace movement, to the terror of some of her colleagues, and who has probably been as personally responsible as anyone for the new action methods now permeating it, is director of the Peoples' Mandate Committee, which is sponsored by ninety-eight cooperating organizations, and has branches in many states. For the past year or more, this organization has been concentrating its efforts upon backing up the State Department "good neighbor" policies in South America, and pressing for ratification of the treaties, drawn up at the Inter-American Peace Conference in Buenos Aires in 1936; treaties that will outlaw war from the Western Hemisphere. It has sent two Flying Caravans of women into South America for this purpose, the first of which was led by Caroline O Day, member of Congress, the second, by Mrs. Burton W. Musser, a member of the Utah State legislature for many years, and President Roosevelt's only woman appointee to the Buenos Aires conference. Mrs. O Day's name heads the sponsor lists of several peace organizations. She is one of the most hightly esteemed leaders of the movement, because she has never been afraid to stand for peace. Even when it was unwise politically—or so her associates in Congress are alleged to have said—even in the days when peace was an unpopular, not to say unhealthy conviction.

Dr. Mary E. Woolley is another of the most important women identified with the peace movement. Since her recent retirement from the Presidency of Mount Holyoke College, she has given her time, the prestige of her name, and her financial support, as generously as it is humanly possible, to the cause that is dearest to her heart.

Carrie Chapman Catt, too, is a great name to conjure with. Although old and ill and very, very weary, Mrs. Catt can still make a thrilling, inspiring dinner speech, as she proved at a National Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, held annually in Washington—the organization which she founded in 1925. Its mem bership of 6,000,000 comprises eleven n tional organizations of women, and sin Mrs. Catt's active retirement, is under t able direction of Miss Josephine Schai It is one of the most powerful of the co servative peace groups. Miss Schai who has traveled in strange corners of t world, can spin a fine tale of adventu when she is in the mood; for exampl when she tells of the night she was m rooned in a plane on a lonely river in Br zil, or talks of bandit experiences in Pe sia until the blood of her listeners ru cold. At least the blo of this listener did.

Mrs. Estelle Ster berger, tiny, violet-eye and dynamic, has mad her organization, Wor Peaceways, Inc., household word fro coast to coast, becau she has applied the a vertising methods big business to t product she is selling the public—peace. 1936, World Peac ways' striking color ar black-and-white adve tisements appeared 232 magazines ar newspapers of th United States, with total circulation of 18 682,542. This organ zation also employs t radio, presenting weekly feature, "T World Observer" ov more than one hundr stations.

Perhaps one of t best minds in the who peace movement is th of Mrs. Florence Brev er Boeckel, who hea the educational depar ment of the Nation Council for the Preve tion of War, an organ zation that has been d ing splendid work lobbying for peace Washington. (T Council "serves as clearing house fo thirty-two national o ganizations which co sider peace one of the primary aims.") M Boeckel, who is Vass and has charm in add tion to looks, is th first peace columnis Her column appears about fifty newspape —often on the front page. She also h a weekly radio broadcast called "Betwe War and Peace," in which she interview members of Congress. And when s goes to the microphone, Capitol Hill li tens. Even the White House has be known to tune in.

So if any of you, like my restaura acquaintance, have spare time which yo would like to employ for the general goo you can find such useful and congeni occupation in the Peace Movement.

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OUR SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

DURING the past month we have been poring over the issues of the first year of Christian Herald—October 1878 to September 1879, and fascinating reading it is. The remarkable similarity between the problems of those bygone days and the problems of today is prophetic. Poverty, labor troubles, Palestine, Persecution of the Jews, Communism, Floods, Famine, Wars, concentration of power in Washington, third term (for General Grant), liquor, decay of morals—all occupied the minds of the editors sixty years ago just as they do today. The generations seem to change, but the problems are with us always. In our Sixtieth Anniversary Number (October Issue) we are going to share with you the pleasure derived from these early issues. Many of what seemed to us the most significant items, will be republished as well as sermons by C. H. Spurgeon and T. De Witt Talmage. We hope you will find them as exciting and as interesting as we have.

Other features of the issue will be:

"HORIZONS, SEEN AND UNSEEN"
by Charles M. Sheldon

A review of his sixty years and a prophecy for the next sixty, written as only Dr. Sheldon can write.

"LET'S LOOK AT AMERICA"
by Frank S. Mead

A brilliant article, comparing the living comfort and standards of sixty years ago with today. This story will reaffirm your faith in the American System.

"MY BROTHER'S KEEPER"
by A. L. Lawson

The graphic history of the Christian Herald Charities told in broad strokes.

"MEET YOUR NEIGHBOR"
by Seth Parker

After a lapse of several years we welcome Seth Parker back as a contributor, just as he resumes his Sunday Night Radio Hour.

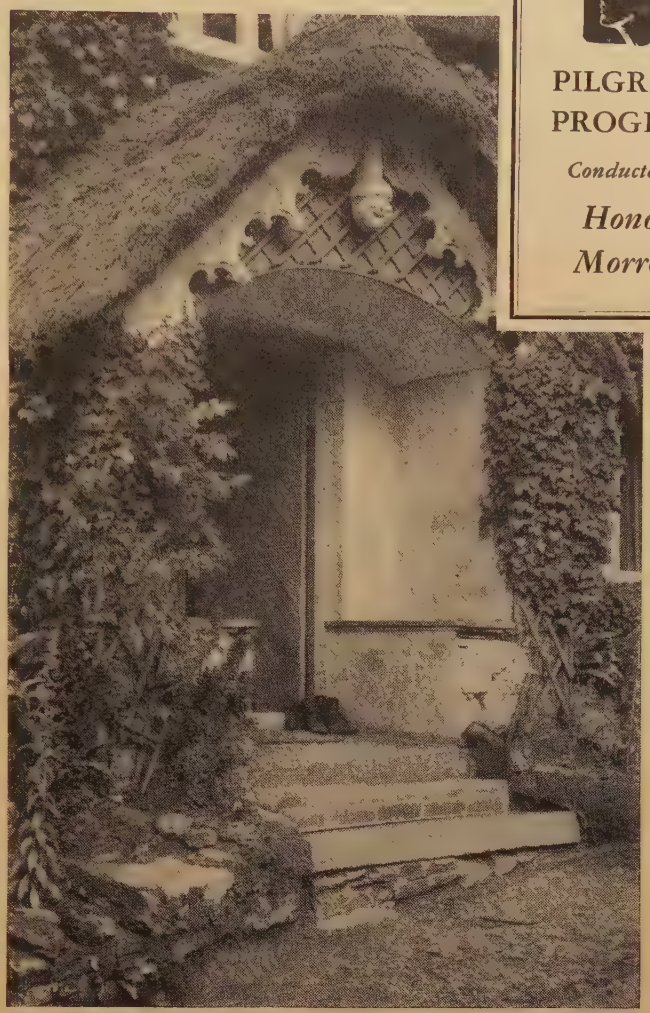
And among other noteworthy features, Margaret Sangster, Honoré Morrow, Beatrice Plumb, Ralph Meadowcroft, Grace Noll Crowell and the second installment of "Mrs. Caleb's Boarder."

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

The old shoes left outside, and the genial, smiling mask above this ancient Manor House door, are evidences that the English are more democratic than they seem



© H. Pinock, Brixham

"Having Eyes, hey See Not"

PENN reminds me that I have not yet told you about the trip during which I encountered the ovincial young Englishman. Well, hav- g been very economical for a year, Penn id I treated ourselves to a week in Lon- on. We went to our usual small hotel. is very old and very comfortable, and ry unpretentious. But it is located ithin three minutes walk of Trafalgar quare, and fifteen minutes walk from estminster Abbey. The Theater, the ational Art Gallery, Piccadilly Circus, hich is a great shopping center, are all ithin a stone's throw. And yet our little stelry is in a tiny, dead-end street, iet, untroubled by traffic. My husband scovered it, many years ago and it has en our family stopping-place, ever since.

Penn is growing up. Last year, when e were in London, she divided her time etween the shops and the theaters, re- idiating with scorn my suggestions that t galleries might interest her. This year, ithout any hints from me, she remarked at there was an exhibition of Mr. Mun- ng's paintings at the Leicester Galleries d she wanted to see it. I invited myself accompany her. Mr. Munning is a ainter of fine horses and it was these enn wanted to see. But when we had aid our shilling entrance fee (Mother aying for both, of course!) Penn dis- overed that there were other ideas than orses in Mr. Munning's mind. He loves ardens and paddocks set in ancient mead- ws and rivers, flowing between sedgy anks. And she decided that she would most as soon buy one of the gay and ntle garden canvases as one of the vivid, gorous horse pictures. We both regret- d that we couldn't afford to buy either. ut it was pleasant to note, for the artist's ke, that other people could. The ex- bition was still young but more than lf the sixty paintings were labeled sold. here are evidently still people in this orld interested in pictures untouched by r-realism! I didn't get Penn into the ational Art Gallery—though she threat- ed to go—to see Stubb's paintings of orses. Goodness knows what might have ppened if she'd carried out her threat! e might have discovered a gorgeous urner landscape and loved it, too! And there I'd have been convinced that she is completely grown up. And I don't want her to be that—yet! So it's just as well!

We were tired out by Saturday night and glad to start homeward in the Sunday quiet of England. Coming down to Devon, I had a conversation unique for naiveté in all my traveling experience. (And it is that experience Penn insists that I tell you all about.) A young couple shared the compartment with us and about an hour and a half out of London, the young man looked across me and out of the window, saying to his wife, "I wonder if this is Dorset." She didn't know, so I said, "There is the White Horse on the hillside, so it must be Berkshire."

"Ah, yes," remarked the young man, "The Romans made that, I believe."

"There's a theory it was carved 3000 years before they came," was my reply. We talked a little about this and then the man asked me if I lived in England, "although, of course, you are American, by your accent."

I nodded and as I realized afterward, greatly daring, the young fellow asked another question. "I always think of America as a place of skyscrapers and gangsters and noise. But I suppose you do have open spaces like those?" nodding at the tiny fields.

I looked at him to see if he was trying to be funny. But he was a very earnest young man, well dressed and well-groomed. So I replied quite as earnestly that the U. S. was rather a large and diversified land with a relatively small population. His ignorance didn't greatly surprise me, for the English are shockingly ignorant of any geography outside the Empire. But his next comment did jolt me. "The American accent is horrible, isn't it," he said, genially.

"As compared with what?" I enquired.

"With the English," he explained. "For instance in the cinema it's loud, and rasping and vulgar. Though I did meet two elderly American ladies last summer who were not so bad. In fact, I was interested in their voices, but one could scarcely call it English which they spoke."

"But the English no longer speak English!" I told him, too surprised by his provincialism to be angry. "You pronounce all your words as nearly alike as possible. Tire, Tower, Tar. All are pronounced Tä-ä. It's pretty but it's not intelligent, nor subtle."

He grinned a nice grin. "O quite! Still it is our language and not yours!"

"Is it?" I returned the grin. "Still we've done a good deal for it! We took it to the U. S. in, say, 1620 and we've made it the language of 130 million people in spite of a hundred years' siege by every tongue in the world. But it's the accent of the early Puritans, not of modern Oxford, thank goodness. It's the accent of Shakespeare of whom our school boys—of every breed on the globe—know more than English school boys."

He was not in the least flattened. Again he nodded, happily. "Which goes to prove, from quite a new angle to me, that England rules the important portions of the world. Do you know, that this is the first time I've ever talked with a stranger in a railway train? And it was you who started it. I never would. We English are like that. Only the lower classes would do it. I travel every day by train to London, and in five years have never picked up a train ac-

(Continued on page 51)

The weird native wood carvings above are symbolic of the savage gods of Africa, where missionaries are giving new hope to millions of the black people whose paganism has always hitherto doomed them to slavery and oppression

By

Denzil G. Ridout, F.R.G.S.

ONE night in the pagan city of Oyo in the heart of Southern Nigeria, it was my privilege to sit in the study of a missionary who had constructed a small, yet powerful piece of mechanism which possessed tremendous capacities, for it was bringing beautiful music and inspiring Christian messages from a service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, right into the heart of the African continent. The wonder of that *scientific* achievement impressed me greatly.

A few weeks later in the light of a bright shining moon, and beneath the stars of the Southern Cross, in a remote primitive village in Angola, I sat with some dark-skinned men, women and children of a Luimbi village around a smoldering fire. Their faces were wistfully turned toward a native pastor—an Ochimbundu of a former enemy tribe—as he led them in the singing of Christian hymns, and then told of the love of God and His redeeming grace. The wonder of that *spiritual* achievement will never be forgotten.

The radio experience at Oyo amazed me! The experience in Luimbi thrilled me! One the evidence of a developing science. The other, the expression of a Living Church.

How far is such a Church to be seen in Africa? For a century or more in the West Coast countries, and since the time of the journeys of David Livingstone in Central Africa, missionaries have been toiling with self-sacrificing devotion. Often during my journey in the West Coast and Central African countries I felt as though standing on hallowed ground, made sacred by the heroic ministry of the pioneers of the Cross, many of whom laid down their lives. Has their work been in vain? Or did they plant the seeds from which a Living Church has evolved?

Without hesitation I say there *is* a great company of the elect in Africa. There *is* a mighty host sharing the very life of God in Africa. There *is* a Living Church gradually extending a ministry of redeeming love into the remotest parts of that needy and challenging mission field.

My first Sabbath Day in Africa was Palm Sunday. At 7 o'clock in the morning at Ibadan in Nigeria I joined in worship with students in the College Chapel as they sang, "The Church's One Foundation is Jesus Christ Her Lord." Later in the morning, in a little village chapel, I worshiped with primitive folk who very feelingly sang, "There is a Green Hill Far Away, Without a City Wall."

Easter Sunday was spent in Lagos. In a magnificent church a service of worship was conducted with simple dignity by a cultured African minister, supported by a surpliced choir which sang, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." A communion service was conducted at the close, and, as I received the elements from the native pastor, my heart was strangely warmed.

In attending scores of worship services in Africa, sometimes as many as four or a week day, I saw companies of Christians whose beliefs were finding living expression in corporate worship. Some of these congregations were very large, frequently crowding the churches to overflowing. Groups of folk were often seen outside the windows listening and worshiping. There are now thousands of Christian congregations, many of them self-supporting, some meeting in cathedral-like churches, others out-of-doors or in little stick and mud shelters in far-off jungle villages, but all testifying by their reverent worship to the reality of the Church. According to Dr. Westerman, whose recent book, "Africa and Christianity" I heartily commend, approximately one-tenth of the African race may now be considered Christian.

In the Gold Coast one branch of the church alone has 750 congregations with forty-eight ordained African ministers. In Angola where thus far only one out of every seventeen of the population can be considered Christian, there are nearly 1,500 places where groups gather for Christian fellowship. In the last twenty years there has been encouraging progress in most of the established mission fields in Africa. In the Bailundu Church, for example, there has been an increase in membership from 450 to over 7,000, and

outstations from 28 to 238, where only alf a century ago it took eight years to in eight converts—at a cost of seven issionary graves.

One day I worshiped in a great outdoor athedral in the heart of the jungle in entral Africa. The native pastor preached ie Gospel to a thousand worshipers. ow the people sang! A choir of fifty oices rendered The Hallelujah Chorus. ears dimmed my eyes as I joined with iat pastor in administering the Sacraient of the Lord's Supper to more than 00 native folk, all of whom had been orn in pagan villages. That same morng forty-eight young people were baptized ito the membership of the Christian hurch after being on probation for two hole years.

The Church in Africa is essentially a orshiping Church. Through the preachg of the Word, the interpretation of the Scriptures, the wonderful singing of Christian hymns and the gathering of the members around the Lord's table, the Church of The Living God is seen becoming a reality in the lives of an increasing number of the African peoples.

Not only as organized congregations do we find the Africans led in worship. I watched the out-patients gather at the door of a mission hospital. They had come from the surrounding pagan villages for treatment. One of the nurses, a young woman, called upon them to join in worship. Listen to the singing of hymns led by a choir of nurses, then hear this young Christian nurse witness for Christ before those poor sick folk. She proclaimed the story of the man who built his house upon a rock. Let me give you the translation:

"When the Lord Jesus was here on earth, He suffered a great deal for us, but He overcame all. He has shown us the way of Life. Now, when we hear His words we must not harden our hearts. Let us follow our Lord Jesus Christ, even if we suffer. In temptation let us be strong in prayer. Let us go forward, so that when we return to our villages we will carry with us all the words we have heard. Then we will be cured in the spirit as well as the body. So, let us build in Jesus Christ, the only true and firm rock."

Those appealing words came from a young African girl. This shows the Living Church in Africa to be not only a Worshiping Church, but also a Witnessing Church.

This necessitates a trained leadership. As in other mission fields, so in Africa, the hope of ultimate triumph rests with the people themselves, and the careful selection and training of leaders is vital. In Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, Nigeria, Angola, the Congo and Northern Rhodesia, I visited a number of training centers, and am convinced that no more important work is being done than in the instruction for Christian Service of some of the finest young men and young women of Africa. What a radiance in their very appearance, in such vivid contrast to the natives seen in primitive non-Christian villages.

It is encouraging to find that already there are hundreds of native pastors who have become trusted leaders of the Church; some have even been consecrated as Bishops.

One valuable plan of training is the gathering each year of Christian pastors, teachers and evangelists for what are called 'Refresher Courses.' At Mutoto, in the Congo, there were nearly 300 who had come from their villages for some months of training. In that one year sixty graduated after four annual courses—the largest group in the history of the mission.

Looking into the faces of those men, some actually bearing the marks of persecution, one is convinced the Divine Master rejoices as such splendid disciples dedicate themselves to His service, and day by day study to become better workmen for Him.

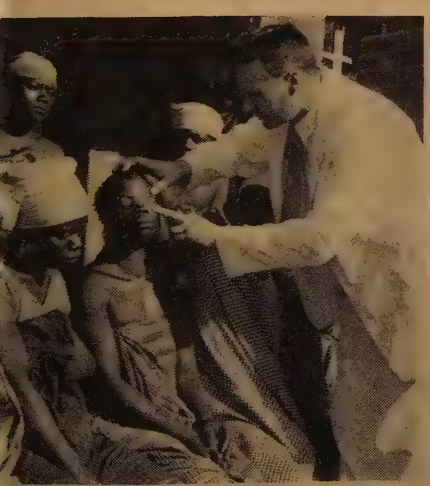
A recent report tells of a retreat for pastoral workers held near Dondi, for prayer, meditation and conference. A common table was arranged for African pastors and foreign missionaries. One dormitory made of branches was used by all and for beds the ground served.

This training center is far removed in appearance from the first training college I saw at Fourah Bay in Sierra Leone, but the purpose is the same—that Africa may have those of her own race who will efficiently witness to the power of the Gospel. In one college in Nigeria, where their motto reads, "That in all things He might have the preeminence," I saw a large map marked with the location of 500 graduates. Of these, 390 are Christian teachers; forty are Catechists and seventy have been ordained to the Christian ministry. Although only twenty new students could be received in that one year, 180 had tried the entrance examination.

The Church will continue to live so long as such groups in every country in Africa desire to be trained for Christian witnessing.

Space will not permit the telling of the many thousands who have been given an elementary training for the work of Religious Education. In the Congo, for example, there are now 5,000 Sunday Schools with over 200,000 scholars. Nor can we tell of the witness given by hundreds of trained natives, who have gone with apostolic zeal and undaunted courage as missionary evangelists to other tribes.

Anyone who has visited both pagan and Christian groups in Africa cannot but be impressed by the manner in which the Christian ethic is finding expression in the



Above, left, the missionary doctor examining the eyes of young Africans. Right, a scene, not in Mississippi, but in Africa—a group of Congo cheer-up" youngsters. Top, the missionary nd the old chief in the "Palaver House"

every-day lives of those who have received the regenerating power of the Gospel, and whose attitude to social and political conditions is transformed.

In the home life of the people one can see whether the power of the Living Church is effective. When visiting a village in Angola I heard someone moaning from a mud hut. Inside was a mother with her little child, both lying on the bare ground and looking most pathetic and miserable, for they were very ill. The old chief, who by the way was a paramount chief, came and looked in. He said something and turned away. "That girl is one of his wives," said the missionary, "and all the chief said to her was 'if you are going to die, hurry up and get it over.'" She was only one wife and he had thirty more. *The Power of the Living Church had not reached that hut.*

In a Congo hut I saw a babe plastered from head to feet with white clay because the young mother was afraid the evil spirits would come and take her little child, so she tried to make her baby look like a chunk of mud to fool those evil spirits. *The Power of the Living Church had not entered that household.*

Shortly after I was in a Christian home. There, too, was a young mother with her little babe. The father and mother had both been trained in missionary institutions. How clean and cosy everything appeared to be! The babe was in a nice cradle made by the father, who had been taught simple carpentry; and over the cradle was a piece of netting to keep the mosquitos from the baby. The gracious influence of the Living Church made possible that mosquito netting over the cradle of that little baby.

Many Christian couples begin a new village, maybe across the stream from the old one. A young Christian elder built a church first and then had all the paths of the village lead to it. As we worshiped in that very church, the hopeless wailing of women at a pagan funeral in the old village across the stream could be heard. We were actually singing, "There is Sunshine in my Soul!" Yonder they were enveloped in dark clouds of primitive superstitions.

It is not easy for the Christian people of Africa to live Christlike lives, for they are surrounded by terrific pagan forces, and paganism is not surrendering without a bitter struggle. None other but a Living Church could endure in that continent where there is still so much darkness. Most persistent are the challenges hurled at the Church by the 'Human Leopard', 'Ju Ju', and other secret societies of the West Coast, and by the advocates of certain mutilating rites of Kenya and by the witch-smellers in Rhodesia.

In the Congo I was present when a village was being initiated into the possession of a new, all-inclusive fetish which was being sold to them by a group of young men who had come through from Nyasaland. I saw those villagers go one by one into an improvised confessional box and confess their sins to the high priest of this new pagan cult. To the beating of the drums, men, women and children with frightened staring eyes went through their pagan dances, and then swallowed some charmed yellow powder to give them strength to resist the power of evil spirits. And this was just two years ago! Listen to a missionary's comment on the effect of this pagan movement:

"For two or three years there has been a terrible native medicine or cult, spreading throughout our area which has done untold harm to the work. It involves the usual fetishes and obscene practices. It is a fearless and dangerous order. Murders are being constantly committed, and there is not a space of ten miles on any of our roads where there is not one or two of these shrines. In some places half of our Christian constituency have left the church to follow this cult."

Right next door to the mission school in Ibadan in Nigeria is a native compound where the pagan family altar may be seen beneath which is the bowl to receive food each day to appease the wrath of the evil spirit.

In the blacksmith shop in Oyo a dog is killed every fifth day, and the blood smeared over the tools that the goodwill of the spirit of iron may be secured.

To be lifted out of this evil-spirit environment into the clearer atmosphere of the Kingdom of God is nothing short of miraculous, and I marvel that so many noble Christian men and women are courageously fighting a good fight, so that Christian influences may extend into many pagan areas of life and thought.

Think of the tactful and patient way which the Living Church is facing such customs as polygamy, bride price, and initiation ceremonies which are out of harmony with Christian ideals.

Too, the tremendous pressure of Islam coming down from the North is challenging Christian Africa. The formation of the African Universal Church—a separatist body permitting Polygamy—is an indication of a difficult struggle. In those border areas where Moslem and Christian forces meet, the members of the Christian Church are loyally witnessing, through worship and service, making the Saviour Christ known to all.

And then one admires the Christian fortitude of the Protestant people who in certain countries in Africa are hindered in their work by an opposition that ought not to be.

THE manner in which the Church is giving leadership and readily cooperating with all agencies working to lift burdens of unbelievable sickness, poverty and ignorance from the African people is one of the most romantic stories of Christian history.

Would that we could journey together through those Christian hospitals. After midnight I went with the missionary doctor at Ilesha, on his final rounds. When we entered the children's ward, I saw two dozen little black heads against the white pillows. Sitting or kneeling at each bed is a mother with her head alongside her suffering child—for mother love is the same the world over. Right here I heard a quiet voice in my heart saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . . ye have done it unto me."

Go into a native village in an area where every hundredth person has leprosy and one hundred per cent of the people have malaria; where only one out of eight children born ever survives childhood or youth; where sores and diseases are so prevalent—their main hope of healing being in fetishes charmed by witch doctors. Then see a trained African Christian skilfully diagnosing their sicknesses and administering medicines to cure them. Through that kindly representative of an active Church, the spirit of the One who in Galilee went about among the people healing their diseases is still at work ministering to the sick along those African trails.

LOOK with compassion at the multitudes who because of their dire poverty are so undernourished, many only getting their one meal of corn mush a day. Some would send them away, but no! Jesus said, "We must give them to eat. . . . It is the Father's will." Following in the Master's footsteps the Church expresses Christian love through a program of agricultural experimentation and demonstration. One Mission Center was experimenting with sixteen varieties of sweet potatoes, sixteen of corn, twelve of peas and beans, thirteen of soy beans, thirty-three varieties of wheat, fourteen of forage crops, and thirty varieties of fruit. In certain sections the hungry people are now growing two cobs of corn on a stalk where they hitherto had only one, and sweet potatoes four times the size of any they have previously known. Hens which only laid twenty eggs a year are replaced through cross-breeding, by those laying 175 a year. It is the miracle of the loaves and fishes all over again.

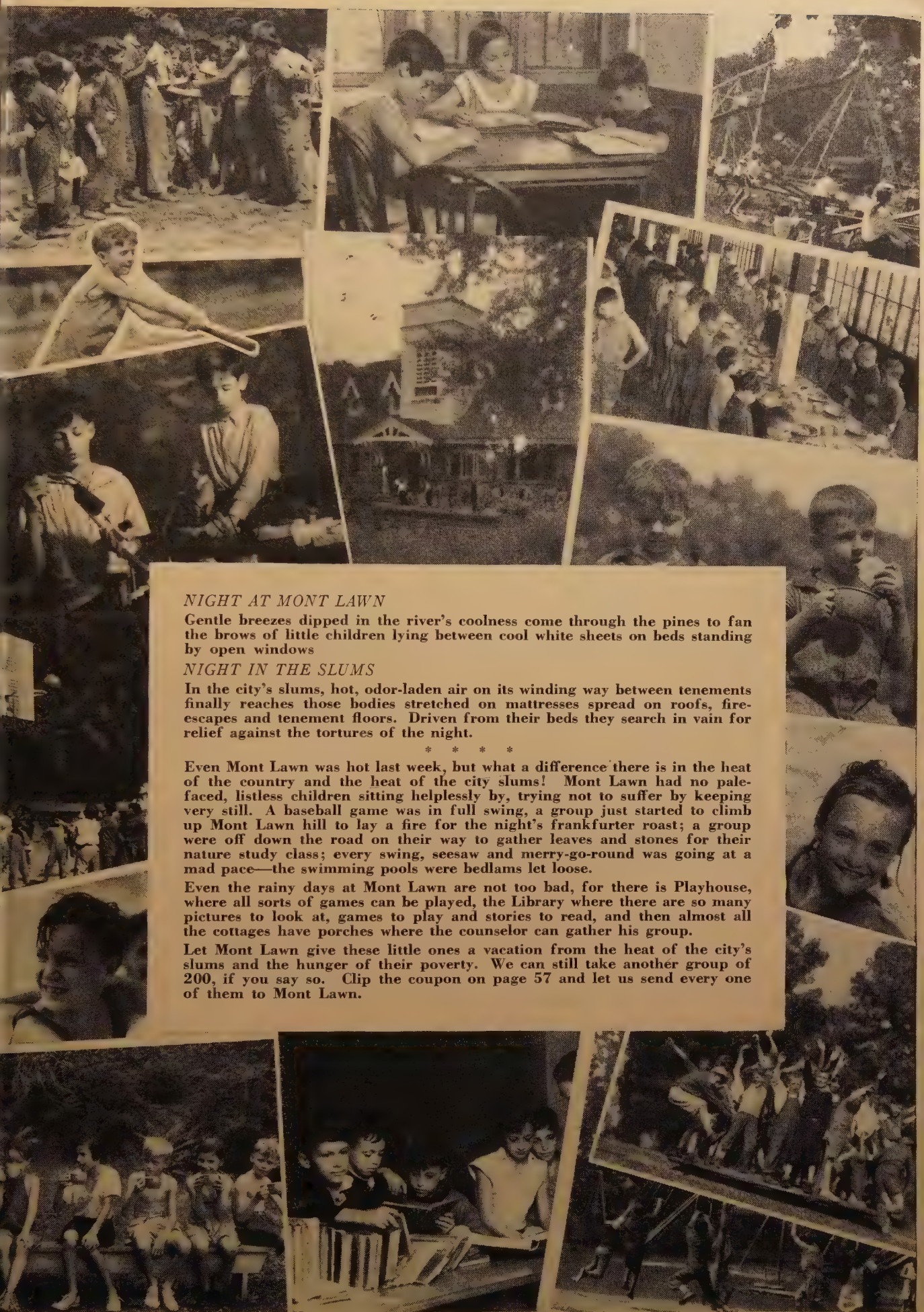
How impressive it is to go into a village

(Continued on page 60)

Boys

By GENE MOORE

They litter all the neighborhood with boys' accouterment,
And of my tidy lily pool, they make a stormy sea.
They tunnel through the vacant lot, or pitch a frowsy tent,
And then out-Tarzan Tarzan in the alley pepper tree.
They make a hubbub and a muss that I can hardly bear,
But when the paper comes recording tales of war each day,
The quick reproof upon my lips is turned into a prayer,
O God, be kind and give them all the time you can to play.



NIGHT AT MONT LAWN

Gentle breezes dipped in the river's coolness come through the pines to fan the brows of little children lying between cool white sheets on beds standing by open windows

NIGHT IN THE SLUMS

In the city's slums, hot, odor-laden air on its winding way between tenements finally reaches those bodies stretched on mattresses spread on roofs, fire-escapes and tenement floors. Driven from their beds they search in vain for relief against the tortures of the night.

* * * *

Even Mont Lawn was hot last week, but what a difference there is in the heat of the country and the heat of the city slums! Mont Lawn had no pale-faced, listless children sitting helplessly by, trying not to suffer by keeping very still. A baseball game was in full swing, a group just started to climb up Mont Lawn hill to lay a fire for the night's frankfurter roast; a group were off down the road on their way to gather leaves and stones for their nature study class; every swing, seesaw and merry-go-round was going at a mad pace—the swimming pools were bedlams let loose.

Even the rainy days at Mont Lawn are not too bad, for there is Playhouse, where all sorts of games can be played, the Library where there are so many pictures to look at, games to play and stories to read, and then almost all the cottages have porches where the counselor can gather his group.

Let Mont Lawn give these little ones a vacation from the heat of the city's slums and the hunger of their poverty. We can still take another group of 200, if you say so. Clip the coupon on page 57 and let us send every one of them to Mont Lawn.

Laboratory Music

By Hayden Hall

Laurens Hammond **heard his friends laugh whe he sat down at the organ. He couldn't play a note—and he wasn going to try. But he had a notion that one could make an orga that would use electrical impulses instead of wind. It was a gre idea—said his friends—if it would work. Surprisingly, it did**

PAW through the files of your mind where you keep the portraits of "types" your imagination has painted, look under the tab labeled "inventor," and see what picture you get. Chances are it will show either a sort of wild-eyed, hair-tearing individual with debts and temperamental emanations that bewilder his family, or a mousy little man all covered with remoteness and strange smells out of test tubes.

If so, you won't be looking at a likeness of Laurens Hammond, inventor of the Hammond organ, modern counterpart of the "better-mouse-trap" maker, to whose door the world of churches has beaten an ever-widening path.

For Laurens Hammond is nothing like the traditional picture of the inventor. He's tall and straight and well groomed, with a physique that suggests frequent contact with the out-of-doors. His calm brown eyes are scientific X-rays as he looks you over. He's as business-like as a comptometer. And there is about him a personal charm like quiet magic.

Part of that charm, you realize, comes from his innate reserve. He must know, of course, that in the invention of the Hammond organ—latest of a long string of well-known articles that have emerged from his brain, including the Hammond electric clock—he has performed a certain amount of service to science. He must know, too, that in some respects his instrument has been a god-send to churches and individuals with a craving for organ music unmatched by a bank roll equal to a pipe organ.

But try your best, you can't get him to palm himself off as either a genius or a public benefactor, nor to admit that his product is anything more than a handy little instrument that bids fair to make him a tidy fortune, and, incidentally, that might be useful to people who like to fool around with tones and ha monies and nuances and things.

Naturally, such reticence is no aid an interviewer. Nor to his publicity d partment. For when these capable gentl men tend to get mellifluous and descri the organ as something only slightly s of being the greatest invention since t discovery of electricity, he steadfast levels their flights to less stratospher heights.

But by tactful questioning you event ally get him to talking. You start wi inventions in general, for instance. A immediately you acquire quite an educ tion on the subject. Hammond frank explodes the assumption that most inve tors do their inventing because of a gre creative urge that bulges their brains a fevers their brows with the demand f birth. As for himself, he claims to ha been animated not so much by a desi to bless the world as by an insatiab

curiosity to first discover what makes things tick and then to apply his discovery to creating new tickers. Curiosity—plus, he says, a fondness for eating regularly!

Moreover, he avers, inventing is not all sitting upon the Parnassus mount and listening to the voices from above. Like all other creative arts, it is a dreadful chore, exhausting mentally and physically. To make things worse, invention—again like the other crafts that issue from the brain—is a lonesome business. It can't be done in the happy company of fellow-workers, surrounded, like bank tellers or garment makers or editors, with chatter and companionship. It must be done *a cappella,* in the presence of one's self alone. And one's self can be mighty boring company if suffered at too long periods!

If an inventor doesn't believe wholeheartedly in what he's doing, he's lost. For when he isn't suspected of being a crackpot, he's often regarded as just another dreamy visionary whose ideas are as hopeless as they are harmless.

It was so with Laurens Hammond a few years ago when he sat down to make an electric organ. "Why, Hammond," even his best friends would tell him,

© Henrich-Blessing Studio

Just as the old reed organ fit into our grandmother's "parlor," so the Hammond organ fits into a modern living room, affording the best music at low cost

"you don't know anything about music. You can't even achieve chopsticks on the piano or the C scale on a fiddle! How on earth do you expect to make an organ?"

But Hammond just smiled down on them from his rangy height and shooed the tut-tutters from his laboratory. True, he was no musician, the good muse having definitely snubbed him when passing out her favors in his family. They had kidded him a great deal about being the only one in the family who had no musical talent. But he did have a talent for inventing. As just a kid, while the others would be out playing, he would be down cellar in what he grandiloquently called his "lab," monkeying with wires and tubes and all the mysterious bric-a-brac of those who must know why things click.

Even then there were those who laughed at the gadgets he called inventions. There was the family cook, for instance. A busy, Martha-like soul who hated clutter as the devil is reputed to hate holy water, she habitually chided Laurens about his pretensions. So, one day, the youngster's active mind presented him with an idea. Laugh at him, would she? He would turn her giggles into gurgles! He jimmied the connections of the gas stove with the water pipes, and when she turned on the gas she turned on a shower!

He got his first patent at the early age of thirteen, and when, at sixteen, he invented a barometer that brought him his first royalties, his confidence in himself shifted into high gear. And stayed there. It persisted through his high school days at Evanston, Illinois; lived with him through Cornell, where he majored in engineering and from which he was graduated in 1916; sang in his soul louder than bullets during two years' service in France as captain in the engineers' corps, and was a buzzing bee in his bonnet during the succeeding three years he worked as an engineer for an automotive company in Detroit.

And it was this talent that had, years ago, presented him with his Great Idea—an idea that had to do with what, for him, was a never-never country, the realm of music. The idea's embryo can be traced as far back as thirty years ago, when Laurens Hammond was serving as an altar boy for a young preacher of promise named George Craig Stewart (now bishop), pastor of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston.

Laurens' family were pillars of the church, but it must be admitted that he himself was more interested in the mechanics than the aesthetics of worship. The organ particularly intrigued him. He would watch the organist laboriously enticing volume and color from the hydraulic-water organ, and it occurred to him that what that instrument needed was a bit of streamlining. There seemed to be an awful waste of space and air and effort.

As he put a few more years on his head, he divined that more people love organ music than any other kind produced on instruments. But the huge cost, and ponderous, unmovable size of pipe organs have always prevented their general use. But what if these handicaps could be eliminated? he asked himself. What if an organ could be made that would do virtually all the pipe organ would do, and yet cost no more than a fine piano, and be so compact that it would fit into a living room?

Some day, so help him, he'd invent one!

He tucked the notion away in his idea department. And he didn't take it out again until a few years ago, when economic necessity, caused by a recession in the sale of his Hammond clocks, nudged him with the suggestion that now was the time for a good inventor to come to the aid of the pantry. So he brought out his Great Idea, dusted it off, and invited his mind to go to work on it.

And, like Ezekiel, he began to see the wheels, 'way up in the middle of the air. It seems that years before, he had developed a synchronous motor. It had been used in several of his inventions, including his clocks; it would now serve as the heart of his organ. Moreover, as he toyed with the idea, he began to hear in his mind new tones, whole symphonies of new tones—tones that he could never make his voice or fingers produce, but which he was confident he could make the wheels create. Slowly, carefully, he began to fashion electrical machinery to bring them to life.

Weeks passed—and months, and years—while he and his associates sweated away in the laboratories of the Hammond Clock Company, investigating the laws of sound, tinkering with coils and magnets and tone wheels. Thousands of hours were spent in making models, and remaking them with improvements. Many completely new inventions had to be created and then discarded before perfection of tone and variety of range were realized.

Then one day, just three years ago, the Hammond electric organ was ready for the market—and the critics. "And while the market may not have been too eager at first," says Hammond with that quiet smile of his, "the critics were!"

The music world had got wind of this windless organ's development, and there were plenty of musicians and instrument makers who were prepared to greet the salvos of Hammond's advertising department with a united chorus of "oh, yeahs," combined with overtones of the Bronx cheer. Among them, of course, were the manufacturers of pipe organs. If this class looked upon such an invention with a jaundiced eye, they were scarcely to be blamed. Pipe organ manufacture, even in good times, is a highly specialized business, with a supply and demand that is decidedly limited. And during the depression the market had shrunk to the point where microscopes were necessary to find it. Now if they allowed this fellow Hammond to convince their own prospective customers that the same results could be obtained with this electric gadget, and at less than half the cost of the cheapest pipe organ—well, where would they be? It must be admitted, they had something there!

The organ makers pored over the blurbs issued by Hammond's enthusiastic publicity men. And they stumbled on the word "infinite," used to describe the variety of tones producible on the Hammond. Well, "infinite" is a pretty wide word, even when used in connection with an instrument that had definitely established, by scien- *(Continued on page 46)*

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ESTABLISHED 1878

PROTESTANT UNITY

ONE of the foremost laymen of a particular denomination recently attended the general assembly of his church. "General assembly" is deliberately not capitalized because this man's "general assembly" is called by another name. On his return he wrote a letter in which appears the following:

"I have just returned from a convention, a great church gathering of ministers, denominational officers, and laymen. To say the least, I returned a bitterly disappointed man. You know of my interest in all matters pertaining to the Kingdom of God on earth. You know, too, that I am deeply concerned over an apparent falling away in the interest of laymen generally in church and religious affairs. Well, perhaps I have found one reason for this 'falling away'.

"Immediately upon the opening of the national denominational meeting to which I was a delegate, the sessions were plunged into denominational politics. Another layman, a fellow delegate, expressed himself as follows: 'It was hardly more than a dog fight!' Our proceedings were embittered by partisan discussions and by wire-pulling off the floor by those who seemed chiefly fearful that they might lose either their prestige or the offices held by them.

"The situation is tragic. I have just about reached the conclusion, sir, that for the sake of my own soul and of whatever good I may accomplish through my own church in my own community I shall never attend another gathering of this character. It would be difficult for me to express the regrettable mental and indeed spiritual reactions that I experienced as I came away from this meeting. I have a particular reason in writing you. I am puzzled to know whether my attitude is correct. I will therefore be greatly in your debt if you will try to straighten me out!"

WELL, we have tried to straighten him out, but not without acknowledging the measure of justification that he has for the intensity of his feeling.

Within the year, during the sessions of another great Protestant body, activities that were classified as "political" by the daily press were of such a character and assumed so large a place in the total program that they were commented upon unfavorably and even caustically in city clubs. In this same season, a Protestant clergyman helped make up a foursome in golf with two Protestant laymen and a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. During the game, the priest is reported to have spoken somewhat as follows in this editorial. He, of course, knew intimately his associates and they had previously invited his criticisms by their own references to what they condemned as politics in the church, their condemnation being not limited to the Protestant faith. Indeed, they had been brutally frank in telling their Catholic friend what they thought about the "Church" in Spain and in condemning Roman Catholic restrictions on freedom of worship in all countries where Roman Catholicism is the dominating religion.

Said the priest: "Unfortunately for the Protestant Church, the impression of discord and disunion, the public impression, I mean, is far greater than any impression of general agreement or of fundamental unity. So far as the daily press is concerned, you Protestants are fundamentalists or liberals, Baptists or Presbyterians, before you are Protestants or even Christians. You may assert advantages from continuing what is, as you regard it, a basic principle of Protestantism. You may even boast your freedom to wash your family linen in public, but I may fairly ask, what profit is there in the spectacle for the Kingdom of God on earth? Does it save souls? Does it promote a vital Christian brotherhood? And, particularly, does it advance the day of spiritual oneness for which Christ prayed?"

"And," he continued, "does it actually help you as Protestants, or as Presbyterians, or as Baptists, or indeed as fundamentalists or liberals?"

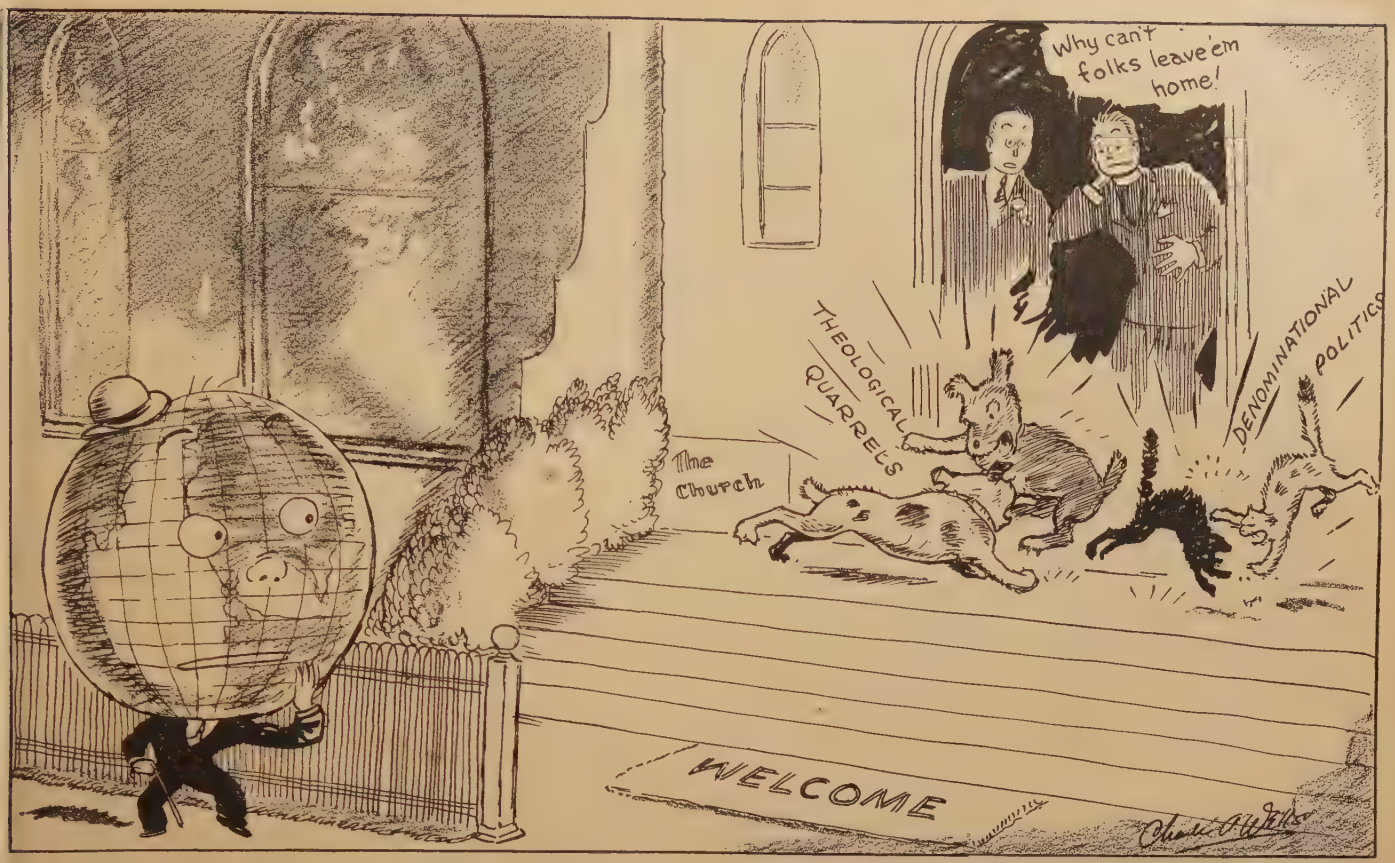
The speaker went on, "Certainly, as you have charged, the Roman Catholic Church has internal disagreements, some of them violent and even bitter, but they are *internal*. They are not on the front pages of the newspapers. And whatever you may say about the election or the appointment of our 'hierarchies,' these matters are not threshed out on the open floor to become sweet morsels for secular discussion. Certainly such secular discussion never has as its purpose the advancement of the Kingdom of God on earth. I grant you the truth of much you have charged against other systems than your own, but as a non-Protestant, I say that Protestantism has immeasurably less strength, has immeasurably less power today, less influence on world affairs, because its major note before the general public is disagreement, rather than accord."

"Now, if all this is but an appearance," he went on, "but a misrepresentation of the realities of the situation, then I would think you Protestants owe it to yourselves to find a solution for the problem the very 'appearance' creates." He concluded, "Even the best ordered families have internal differences, but we all agree, I think, that the best ordered families give to the neighborhood the impression of order rather than of disorder."

Out of all this we venture two suggestions. Should not the purely functional activities of general church bodies be carried on generally in executive session? And why should nominating speeches be published in the daily press, or indeed, *why nominating speeches?* The General Synod of the Old Dutch Reformed Church has for generations avoided partisan acrimony by having no nominating speeches. Immediately after Synod is fully organized, there is a nominating ballot. If no candidate receives a majority of all votes cast, the nominating ballot is followed by an electing ballot, the two highest candidates being the nominees. The assumption is that delegates to General Synod know the business and the personalities of their body and that each delegate is competent without oratory to reach a conclusion. At any rate, for this church the system has answered absolutely the charges made or implied in the above criticisms.

But fundamentally, *the* answer, the answer to this basic indictment, if indictment it is, of Protestant procedure—the answer to the charge that Protestant disunion, real or at least "apparent," hinders the cause of Christ in the world—*the* answer, I say, is the ecumenical movement, the furtherance and fulfillment of the great program rising from Oxford and Edinburgh, and in recent months given a more vital form at the Hague. Here is unity without uniformity; here is an inclusive rather than an exclusive unity; here is unity in advance of and perhaps more to be desired than organic union itself. In this is the early promise of an achievement that may transcend all other ecclesiastical triumphs of the Christian church since the mixture of bane and blessing that came with Constantine.

DANIEL A. POLING



TAKING THE "COME" OUT OF WELCOME

Back to School

VACATION days are over. It's September. And—back to school! Of course you are eager to get back to school again. Probably you are "on your toes," ready to begin your school work, and to work like a Trojan. In the scholastic year which is just beginning, it may seem to you that your very life is besieged by overwhelming assignments in your studies. In approaching our assignments, some of us may not be so eager and persevering as we should be. Even the best of us at times get lax and lazy. We look upon our assignments, in school and in life, with a "I-hate-to-do-it" spirit, and then the assignments become mere drudgery, and we are menial to them. It is our attitude to our occupations which make them drudgery or work or play. Too often it is that attitude—of drudgery—that we take in doing our assignments. We feel that they are imposed upon us. We do them in a spirit monotonous and mechanical. Weariness follows. Our faces frown. By the way, did you know that it takes fifty muscles to produce a frown, and only thirteen to produce a smile? So the frown makes our drudgery all the more laborious. Finally, as Henry Ward Beecher said, "Drudgery becomes a curse!" In the attitude of drudgery, we learn little; we do little; and we even feel little; menial, as the word really means.

In order to learn easily, quickly, and surely, we must be in, as the psychologists say, "a favorable attitude." We must have the desire to learn. In short, our attitude must be in the attitude of play. In this attitude, we have a feeling of freedom, of pleasure, of joy in doing something, our assignments, for the love of doing it, and after all, were not Franklin and Bell and Edison, and all the other great inventors, when they worked out their inventions, really in the attitude of play?

And if we are in this attitude of play, we will not put off our assignments over to the tomorrow. You remember Shakespeare has one of his characters say, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day." There are some students who, when they have a book review to hand in on a certain future date, say, "I'll not begin it until tomorrow"; tomorrow comes, and again they say, "I'll do it tomorrow," and still another tomorrow "creeps in his petty pace from day to day," until finally, the book review is not handed in on time. This "tomorrow" is indeed a very dangerous word. It means procrastination, and procrastination connotes indolence and lack of resolution. "A person is apt to procrastinate," Franklin once said, "as he grows older." So, young people, when you indolently and irresolutely put off until tomorrow, when you procrastinate, you are showing signs of growing old. You are old young men and women.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in "The Cup of Youth," hits tomorrow hard, when he makes his "Uberto" say:

"No man owns tomorrow.
Tomorrow is the fool's today."

But in some respects, this "tomorrow" is a blessing to us. It gives us an opportunity to make amends for our sins of omission and commission made yesterday —which then was today.

So once again, back to school we go on this beautiful September morning. And it is a beautiful morning, whether the rain falls, or the sun shines; beautiful, because we are going back to school, to prepare ourselves as the future rebuilders of the world.

In conclusion, we offer "A Prayer for The World's Rebuilders," by Theodosia Garrison, printed nearly a quarter of a century ago, but still just as good as it was then. It is more especially a prayer in behalf of the younger children; some of the lines are more applicable to the very young children, even kindergartners; but it is so very good that we cannot resist quoting it in this article.

We send them off to school again today,
This cool September morning. All the street
Is musical with patter of small feet,
And little, shining faces all the way
Seem wayside posies for our smiles to greet.

I wonder if they ever guess or know
With what strange tenderness we watch them go?

Just children on their way to school again?
Nay, it is ours to watch a greater thing—
These are the World's Rebuilders, these must bring
Order out of chaos, comforting to pain,
And light in blasted fields new fires of spring.

Dear Lord, Thy childish hands were weak and small,
Yet had they power to clasp the world withal,
Grant these, Thy little kindred, strength as true—
They have so much to learn, so much to do.

W. W. HARRIMAN

Wide World Photo

I DOUBT IF THERE IS IN THE WORLD A SINGLE PROBLEM, WHETHER SOCIAL OR ECONOMIC, WHICH WOULD NOT FIND READY SOLUTION IF MEN AND NATIONS WOULD RULE THEIR LIVES ACCORDING TO THE PLAIN TEACHING OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

EXCERPT FROM LETTER WRITTEN BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO BE READ AT THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. FULL TEXT ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

The Challenge of Christ to Youth . . .

FOLLOW ME!

(Address by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, President World's Christian Endeavor Union, Tenth World's Christian Endeavor Convention, Melbourne, Australia, August 2-8, 1938)

FOR the first time in more than half a hundred years of history, this greatest Christian youth movement holds its most important gathering in the Southern Hemisphere. Geographically remote from points of physical conflict, and yet vitally at the heart of world affairs, we may here reaffirm the fundamental principles of our providential society and seek the guidance of God to relate them and ourselves to the timely tasks of the Kingdom.

The supreme business of Christian Endeavor is leading young people to Jesus Christ, bringing them into the life of the Church, sustaining and training them there for the service of Christ and His cause, and releasing them then through all channels of human activity in the service of God and men.

Evangelism may be a word by some despised, and by others regarded as without modern significance. But it is still at the very heart of Christian Endeavor. Christian Endeavor has no part in the quarrel of those who contend for either personal or social evangelism. The Gospel is one. It is an irreducible and indivisible unity. *It is personal first and social always.*

Christian Endeavor has had and would have in the future, a vital part in Christianizing all of life. We have joined with those who have organized as Christian youth, building the new world. But there can be no new world without new world builders. And men and women become new for this task in and through Jesus Christ alone.

First the new man, the new world builder. And then, in home, in business, in the community and in the government, aye, and in all international affairs, a new world begins to appear. It was the Wilfred Grenfell thus reborn, it was the *new* Grenfell who went out to accomplish under God a new Labrador. It was the new Livingston, made new in and by this same Christ, who brought the great light to darkest Africa, to begin a new world there. It is the new Muriel Lester, the new Jane Addams, and the new, the reborn Francis E. Clark who open new eras for men's bodies, minds and souls. Christian Endeavor accepts the formula and goes forward in the passion of its great purpose to help achieve the fulfillment of the Great Plan.

Christian Endeavor is a world fellowship. Without governing functions as to the ecclesiastical guidance of young people, never assuming the prerogatives of denominational programs, our society has been for more than half a century a platform of common agreement where the young people of all evangelical faiths may fellowship with each other, share problems and successes to their mutual enrichment and face the world task which is ours, not because we belong to a particular church but because we are Christian.

Our unity is not in creed. Our unity is not in political government. Our unity is not in language, nor in color, nor in

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 15, 1938

Dear Dr. Poling:

There is something inspiring and soul-stirring about the very scope of the Tenth World's Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Melbourne, Australia. The fact that Christians from all parts of the world are to make a far journey to Melbourne demonstrates that the message of the Nazarene is a vital and compelling force in the lives of millions of men and women.

This is most reassuring in a world in which the forces of greed and avarice and a disregard of fundamental human rights have brought disaster and despair where peace and plenty and true happiness should reign supreme. We regret that sorrow and heavy burdens are the possession of many; but we do not abandon hope.

I have said and I desire to reiterate it to this body of Christians gathered from many lands that "what this weary world most needs is a revival of the spirit of religion. Would that such a revival could sweep the nations today and stir the hearts of men and women of all faiths to a reassertion of their belief in the Providence of God and the brotherhood of man." I doubt if there is in the world a single problem, whether social, political, or economic, which would not find ready solution if men and nations would rule their lives according to the plain teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

In sending my greetings to the Tenth World's Christian Endeavor Convention may I express the hope that its deliberations will turn the hearts and minds of men and women everywhere toward this great but simple truth.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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race. Our unity is in Jesus Christ and in Jesus Christ alone. Without prejudice to our particulars of race or creed, and to the enrichment of every worthy loyalty, we are a world-wide fellowship, a universal brotherhood of faith and service. Surely the times in which we live, times of utter failure for all human devices, times blackened by abysmal tragedies of hate and fear, surely these Twentieth Century times need what Christian Endeavor is and has to offer.

Let us dedicate ourselves in Melbourne to a new and world-wide advance. Let us here highly resolve that our motto, "For Christ and the Church," shall become the command of High Heaven to go forward in a program of organization and leadership with the Christian youth of every nation.

Ours is not the task of political education or political interference. We do not concern ourselves with the internal political affairs of any people. But we do register ourselves now for freedom of worship, the uncoerced freedom of individual conscience as the inviolable right, the God-given right of every human being. With loyalty to our respective nations, with the acknowledgment of every patriotic claim that under God may be laid upon our citizenship, we affirm here our first allegiance to God and to no other. Above every partisan voice that may be raised we lift the shout of an allegiance that transcends every other—"We Choose Christ." Here Christian Endeavor accepts no compromise and asks for no truce.

The particulars of our citizenship activities are well left to our national organizations. Certainly the United States of America cannot in such matters speak for the South Americas, and clearly Christian Endeavorers in the British Empire would not assume to dictate to our unions in Europe and Asia.

For some of us, Temperance and National Prohibition have been major objectives. We shall still, and with increased determination, give our efforts toward the solution of these tremendous problems. Many of us are vitally concerned with tasks to bring about better relations between the races. Recreational programs, holiday homes, anti-gambling crusades with evangelistic crusades, crusades for better housing, for old age pensions, pensions for the blind and unemployment insurance, all these and many others have identified Christian Endeavor with that dream of social justice and coming brotherhood that shall at last lose itself in Christ's own purpose, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

And what *(Continued on page 44)*

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

September, 1938

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

"I WISH I WERE A HEATHEN"

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.
READ MARK 1:1-8.

"I WISH I were a heathen," a fine Christian young woman once said in my hearing. She went on to explain: "I have heard the Christian Message all of my life, and its novelty and greatness have worn off and become commonplace. If I were a heathen, I might learn the Story for the first time, in all its freshness and wonder."

It is a good thing to reapproach the Gospel as if it were entirely new. So I propose that readers of these Meditations devote the next few weeks to a consecutive study of the first of the Gospels, that of Mark. To increase this sense of newness, it should be read, if possible, in one of the newer versions, such as Weymouth's or Moffatt's. The entire book may be read in less than an hour.

"We would see Jesus." Grant, O bountiful Father, a fresh vision of our loving, living Lord, as He was in the days of His flesh. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

THE HAIRY HERALD

THERE COMETH ONE MIGHTIER THAN I.
READ MARK 1:7-13.

BACK of every preacher there are a multitude of preparers—family, Sunday School teachers, college and seminary, sextons, church boards, wives and other helpers. They belong to the Noble Order of John the Baptist. His task was to make ready the doing of a greater task by Another.

Life is like that. Background workers, preparers and helpers, make up the bulk of the world. John showed that in a second place work one may still be a first-class man. He was of heroic mold—fearless, forthright, truth-speaking. His was the role of history's greatest Fingerboard, pointing to the Greater Coming One.

Like him, we may all point; indeed our very lives may cry aloud, "Behold!" the least of all saints may be a partaker in the successes of the Saviour.

Help us, Lord, to live straight, that we may be accurate pointers toward "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 3

SOME EARLY FRIENDS

COME YE AFTER ME.
READ MARK 1:14-28.

VACATIONS are over for most persons this year, and they are back at normal tasks—but with new memories and fortified bodies and spirits. After the ecstatic hour of His baptism by John, and the miraculous attestation from the clouds of His Sonship, Jesus departed into the desert for forty days of meditation, self-realization and communion with the Father. Every great life must have its period of solitude and soul-wrestling.

After the temptation—precious heritage to all of us who are tempted—Jesus set about His life work of preaching and healing. The afterglow of that radiant experience in the desert was shed upon the towns and villages of Galilee.

Back in His home country, He called His first four friends to become His partners in His Kingdom task. They left their nets—I saw their type in a recent sojourn by the Lake—to become fishers of men. What a procession of discipleship they led: men and women scattered over the entire face of the earth, who have left all to follow Him. May we be numbered in that train.

Great are the company of the disciples of Christ, won by His winsomeness, and carrying on His work. We pray today, Heavenly Father, for a place in that goodly fellowship. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

THE COMPASSIONATE

JESUS, MOVED WITH COMPASSION.
READ MARK 1:29-45.

"HE IS hard;" "He is stingy;" "He is goodnatured;" "He is shiftless;" "He is generous"—so do we put brief tags on persons, to sum up their outstanding characteristics.

Even Jesus wore such a tag: "He is compassionate." Loving pity marked His life. He cared for folks, all kinds of folks. The love that He incarnated expressed itself in compassion. He wept over Jerusalem, as He would weep today were He there in the flesh. What must be His compassion for poor China, Ethiopia and Spain!

Mark crowds into a few brief passages here a sensational record of the One Who "went about doing good." No form of need, from the fever of Peter's mother-in-law to the outcast leper, was outside the compass of His helpfulness.

We who follow in His steps must wear His tag of compassion.

All there is of good and service in our lives, O God, is inspired and sustained by the example and spirit of our compassionate Master. Make us to abound in this grace. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

CROWDED OUT

THERE WAS NO ROOM.
READ MARK 2:1-12.

IF THE ruin called Tell Hum was Capernaum, the city is only a heap of stones today, with remains of one synagogue. Once Capernaum was a bustling metropolis; and never more active than when its best-known resident, Jesus, was at the height of His popularity. Everybody sought Him. Throngs were so great that many were crowded out.

Some persons, though, have a will and a need that may not be denied consideration. Such were the palsied man and his friends, who dared defy property rights, and break up a roof, to get to Jesus, when crowds blocked all other avenues of access. Do I want anything as ardently as that paralytic and his loyal friends? Dare I make a way when I cannot find one? If so, reward is sure.

We, too, would make Jesus happy by faith's bold expedients, dear Father. Give us the spirit of initiative and resolution, sure that such seeking is rewarded. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

MRS. GRUNDY PROTESTS

HOW IS IT?
READ MARK 2:13-28.

I KNOW villages where life is fairly palsied by fear of "What they say." Mrs. Grundy is their despotic ruler. Nobody dares to be different. All are reduced to a dreary level of common-

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

placeness by this dread of neighbors' opinions.

There was constant conflict between Jesus and Mrs. Grundy. He was utterly unconventional, and so the center of hostile criticism, as when He attended a dinner along with a motley crowd of Matthew's friends. He was no man-pleaser: "I do always the things that pleases Him."

That is a high rule for noble living.

For the splendor of the individualism of Jesus, we thank Thee, O Father. We, too, would live as caring only for the will of the Father who seeth in secret.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

A HERO AND HIS FRIENDS

HE ORDAINED TWELVE.
READ MARK 3:1-30.

DO YOU ever pause in your Bible-reading, when you come to a place name, and look it up on the map? A knowledge of Biblical geography illuminates the Story. Mark's first readers understood the significance of the wide geographical distribution of the crowds that thronged Jesus: people from Galilee, Judea, Idumea, Trans-Jordan, Tyre and Sidon.

Out of this multitude of followers Jesus chose twelve, "that they should be with Him." Not all disciples are alike in intimacy and service. Christ has His chosen ones, appointed to special service. Upon the twelve He depended for the carrying on of His work after He had gone.

Like us, they were ordinary run-of-the-mine men, made great, after tedious teaching, by keeping company with their Master. His school is still open.

We thank Thee, Lord, for the greatness of soul and capacities that come to those who give up all to follow Thee.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

NEW RELATIONS

WHO IS MY MOTHER, OR MY BRETHREN?
READ MARK 3:31-35.

IN MERSINE, TURKEY, we were sojourning in a simple hotel; and I asked the proprietor, "Is it all right to leave our door unlatched?"

"Certainly; we are Christians," he replied with a winsome smile. So I knew that we were amongst "home folks," members of the great family of Jesus.

Whoever accepts Christ takes on a whole new set of relations. Our ties with Him, and His with us, are nearer and stronger than even family relationship. Whenever we realize the Family of God we are pleasing our Father and our Elder Brother.

Stir up the loyalty of our hearts, O Father, to a fresh awareness of our new relationship to all Thy other children, the Brotherhood of Jesus. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

A TELLER OF TALES

HE TAUGHT THEM BY PARABLES.
READ MARK 4:1-34.

AS WE recall the great preachers and evangelists whom we have heard, the truth stands out that they were all masters of incident, illustration, parable and stories. One blight of God that is upon the contemporary highbrow breed of so-called "liberals" is that they have none of the Jesus-art of telling tales. Their speech is stilted, stodgy and sesquipedalian—to borrow one of their own words.

Even boys and girls hung eager-eyed on the stories told by Jesus. He never provided fodder too high for the lambs to reach. And His parables have come down the ages, ever serving man's inner life, in all simplicity and strength.

Teach us, good Lord, the art of seeing the spiritual significance of the commonplace; and of making everyday to glow with moral meaning. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

WHEN TROUBLE COMES

PEACE, BE STILL.
READ MARK 4:35-41.

IT WOULD take a whole page of the *Herald* to tell the story that came to me in yesterday's mail from a sainted minister of more than eighty years. His tiny stipend has been reduced to negligible proportions. Children and grandchildren have failed him. His simple life-plans have been obstructed. Yet he moves on serenely, confident that Christ can speak peace to any storms.

At the close of a wearying day, Jesus boarded a little boat to go to the other side of the fickle lake. Tired nature took her toll, and He slept, even when a fierce tempest arose. Frightened disciples awakened the Master with querulous words. He "rebuked the wind . . . and there was a great calm."

An uncommon number of folks are storm-tossed nowadays; to their spirits comes Christ's "Peace, be still."

In tempest and in calm, O Lord, we would hear Thy word of "Peace." Since we are Thine, and in Thy hand, all must be well with our souls. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

A MAN AND SOME PIGS

THEY BEGIN TO PRAY HIM TO DEPART.
READ MARK 5:15-20.

RELIGION is not good for bad business. Gadara's leading citizens besought Jesus to move on out of their neighborhood; He was bad for the pig business. They did not care that a dreadful demoniac had been made a new man; they were concerned only for "the sanctity of property rights:" human values did not count.

Those Gadara merchants have emigrated to our modern business centers, and their voice is loud in the land. "Let us alone," they cry, like the evil spirits of old.

But Jesus and His friends put first the claims of needy men and women. They are bent on salvaging lives.

Grant us the Divine viewpoint, our Father, in measuring life's values. So would we be helpers of all who need.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

LIFE FOR THE LITTLE GIRL

"TOLITHA CUMI."
READ MARK 5:21-43.

UNLESS it be a baby, there is nothing more winsome in the world than little girls. How they enthrall the hearts of parents and kindred and friends. The very freshness and fragrance of Heaven seems to enwrap them.

Everybody understands the intense grief of Jairus, as he pleaded with Jesus for his dying daughter. His faith matched his need. And it was rewarded: for the Wonder-Worker took the child by the hand, and said, "Tolitha cumi . . . Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." And she that had been dead was restored to her father's arms.

To all girlhood and young womanhood comes ringing down the centuries that same summons to arise out of dormant indifference, trifling interests and narrow horizons, into the largeness and freedom and purposefulness of a new, free life.

Marvellous Worker of miracles, we pray to Thee, O Christ, to touch the lives of our youth, and to speak Thy word of challenge to their sleeping ears.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

"WE KNEW HIM WHEN"

IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER?
READ MARK 6:1-13.

"WE KNEW him when he was a boy. Though he may fool outsiders, he is no better than we are." So runs a curious common philosophy. Jesus expressed it, after His own humiliating return to Nazareth, "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country and among his own kin." The place that He knew best, was first to scorn Him; but to its own cost.

He Himself was a discoverer of unsuspected qualities in commonplace persons, turning fishermen into apostles. Why should not we learn from those stupid Nazarenes the Master's way of being explorers for special possibilities in ordinary folk? There is more to everybody—including ourselves,—than we know.

Forbid, O God, that we should be blind to the best that is in those nearest to us. Amen.

(Continued on page 61)

C. C. C. CAMPS

(Continued from page 15)

dollars to one hundred dollars a month. The next step is foreman at a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and eighty dollars a month."

Captain Klein cites the case of a CCC enrollee, in the Northwest, who advanced so steadily that he became camp superintendent at two hundred dollars a month.

If a boy receives the offer of a better job outside the CCC camp than the one he has within, he is released promptly. Otherwise he remains for his six-months period of enrollment, and then re-enrolls if he wishes to do so.

WHAT do the boys do after work? Let Captain Hughes tell you. "He takes part in a voluntary athletic program until five, when supper is served. He may play baseball, handball, ping pong, horse shoes, swim if there is a pool, read in the library —books, magazines and newspapers are there—or do as he pleases. It is up to the camp leaders to get together the best equipment that they can.

"Supper is at five. A boy may wear either civilian clothes or his uniform to this meal, but he mustn't mix his ensemble. He must wear a necktie. Officers and men eat together and share the same food. The five o'clock assembly resembles an army retreat where the boys fall out on the common parade ground while the leader inspects them to see if their ties are on and their hands clean and their boots polished.

"The men whose barracks was judged in best shape for the day are seated first. After supper, there are classes and relaxation until ten. Then taps."

The educational program is voluntary. Only first aid and citizenship are required. About seventy per cent of the boys take one or more courses.

What do they study?

Carpentry, motor mechanics, typewriting, shorthand, history and languages, newspaper management, dramatics, debating, leather craft, metal work; modeling, furniture making. They have a chance to learn sixty major occupations.

It sounds like the course of study in an occupational High School. Even the prelude does. Soon after an enrollee comes to camp, the educational adviser interviews him to determine his previous education and past experience and the type of work for which he is best fitted.

CAPTAIN KLEIN also favors emphasis on education, and he believes that more and more boys are availing themselves of the opportunities.

"Each camp has an educational director, who, with the officers, the camp superintendent, and capable volunteers from the nearest towns, do the teaching.

"You know, the people in the adjoining towns usually are adverse to a camp of 200 boys being set down in their midst; but when the project, on which the boys have worked, is completed, the people end up by begging them to stay.

"After all, in addition to assisting in road building, irrigation, reclamation, or whatever the task has been, the camp has spent much money in that locality."

The boys themselves, outside of the movies, spend little money in the town. The Army supplies their clothes. There is a store at camp where soda pop, stamps, pens, candy, stationery and other incidentals are sold. Each boy is given a coupon, good for three dollars credit on this store, every month. The amount is then deducted from his pay.

But the camp makes purchases in the town, and the boys go to the movies. Some camps have slides brought to the camp. Others take their boys into town, instead, as camp guests. It's the extra-curricular show for which a boy must pay his own coin . . . the one beyond the number shown him at the camp's expense.

Unity of authority in the CCC camps is their crying need, Captain Hughes says.

"Enrollees can not be happy when they are torn between two loyalties," continues Captain Hughes. "There should be unity control, either with the Civilians or the Army, though I personally believe the Army is better prepared for such work."

One thing, however, the CCC camp, whether you prefer that the Army be its leader or not, has done. Captain Klein puts it this way:

"The Conservation Civilian Corps has given the Army a fine lesson of mobilization. It has taught men how to work, play, and live together. Teamwork has resulted. Furthermore, it has created an officer personnel and reserve corps to do army housekeeping, which was something we have lacked before in national emergencies. Now we will be able to manage the mess, lines of communication, and the transport morale."

Morale—Do the boys go to church? Are they naturally spiritual?

"Their participation in religious acts is as large as any group of men anywhere," is the assertion of Captain Hughes. "They are more spiritual minded than you would think. We find no wickedness among them."

TAKEN as a whole, the CCC "Church of the Woods" tops any other church in the country in size and attendance. Its walls are the Atlantic and the Pacific, Canada and Mexico. Its ceiling is the sky and the tall trees. The aggregate CCC congregation, embracing a fair-sized segment of the enrollment of each of 1,500 camps scattered over the country, numbers no less than 100,000 youths. In crude chapels constructed by enrollees, in camp recreation halls, in the outdoors itself, often in outdoor chapels made of pews and pulpits hewn from living log, these boys kneel each week in prayer. On the testimony of many, their enrollment in the CCC has brought them a religious experience never known before.

Many of the boys who entered the corps came with their spiritual being deeply shaken. Months of unemployment, apparent inability to secure a job, in some instances bad home conditions, all combined to diminish their faith in themselves and to uproot their belief in a personal destiny. Upon a young man on the threshold of life, continued misfortune is apt to cast an evil spell. If he has had normal upbringing, he has been sheltered and cared for all his life. His home training and his schooling, in fact the entire influence of his social group, have developed in him the belief that, under the laws of nature and of God, as long as he is honest and conscientious in his efforts, a place in life will be provided for him.

But during the dark period beginning in 1929, this normal expectancy of youth was considerably thwarted. No one could find jobs. Being young and having strong muscles or even a good education was no asset. Small wonder, then, that the faith of these young men, in themselves, in society, and in God, should have crumbled. When the CCC was organized, it was more than a desire for adventure that drew over 300,000 young men into it. It was a sincere desire to earn their way in society and, in so doing, to find themselves. Even though the CCC has never paid large salaries to its enrollees, it has provided good honest toil, and has given its enrollees the satisfaction of participating in a project which was not "made work" but which was of definite value to the country.

THE CCC camp program has a definite place for religion and religious worship which gives the enrollee an outlet for his new-found faith in man and God. That many enrollees are taking advantage of this opportunity is disclosed in the following description of CCC religious activities by Colonel Alva J. Brasted, who recently finished his tour of duty as Chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Army and who, in that position, supervised the religious work in CCC camps.

"Recognizing the need of spiritual sustenance as well as physical in the CCC, there has been provided an extensive spiritual ministry for enrollees of the Civilian Conservation Corps," writes Chaplain Brasted.

"The annual reports of attendance at CCC religious services submitted by the Chief of Chaplains in 1934, 1935, and 1936 indicate an upward trend. They are as follows:

Number of Services Conducted	Total Attendance
1934— 65,533	3,740,770
1935—110,423	6,761,596
1936—178,315	11,161,676

"The above statistics and the observations of those who have inspected the religious activities of the camps confirm the conviction that the enrollees in the CCC are attending more religious services than they would attend if they were at home.

AVERY great many of these boys while serving in the CCC have been blessed with the restoration of faith and for them I pay tribute to the very fine, zealous work of the CCC chaplains. They say, those who understand the economic needs of our country, that one hundred years ago such work as these boys are doing for the land and the forests should have been done. Now the Civilian Conservation Corps has taken this job in hand, as well as that of making boys grow an inch or two in spiritual and civic stature, along with a physical expansion.

The boys have worked. They have accomplished. They have grown. Fires are out, waters went down with less damage, trees grow and roads are smooth because of this group.

CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

DNE of the finest books published this season, or in many a season for that matter, is *Christ and the Fine ·ts,* by Cynthia Pearl Maus (Harpers, .95). This magnificent volume of 733 ges gives a complete picture of the ıviour's life on earth, in a unique and tremely interesting manner. Each event Christ's life is treated in a separate apter; and in that chapter are grouped scriptions of all the chief paintings, ulptures, poems, stories and hymns, deal- g with that event. For example, the Na- ity and Childhood of Jesus is troduced by beautiful sepia reproduc- ons of Merson's The Arrival at Bethle- m; Plockhorst's Tidings of Great Joy; rolle's The Arrival of the Shepherds; urillo's Immaculate Conception; and aphael's Sistine Madonna. An interpre- tion accompanies each of these pictures. hen follow a number of the best poems aling with Christ's birth—Miller's How ır to Bethlehem, Erskine's The Shep- rd Speaks, Markham's Consecration of e Common Way, Williams' Who Are the ise Men, Oxenham's The Inn of Life, d others; then some of the great stories, ch as Mackinnon's When the King ame, Wallace's The Angel and the Shep- rds, Washington Gladden's The Shep- rds' Story, and Kingsley's The Star; d a number of the great hymns, includ- g O Little Town of Bethlehem, Silent ight, Holy Night, Hark the Herald ngels Sing, It Came Upon the Midnight ear, We Three Kings of Orient Are, etc. milarly The Youth of Jesus, Jesus the an, As a Lover of Children, as The Mas- r Teacher, as the Friend of Publicans d Sinners—and the rest; all of the in- itable, indescribable gospel story is eated after the same plan, a grouping of the works of Art and Literature dealing th each separate event. It is a splendid ok, and will make a magnificent gift, or dition to one's own library.

We do not often give space to the lives d doings of actors in *Christian Herald.* ut I am making an exception in the case the fine biography entitled *Fanny emble,* by Margaret Armstrong (Mac- llan, $3.00), for several reasons. For e thing, Fanny Kemble was a sincere ristian; also she appeared only in akespearean roles, which are in most ses free from offense; but most of all, is book commands attention because it a complete picture of England and nerica throughout their Golden Age, the ctorian Era. Fanny Kemble undertook r first stage part without previous expe- nce, but just to help out her father who s in financial difficulties. She was an stant success, and for many years, in th England and this country, her friends d associates were the great and power- l of the times. So the story of her life comes, in effect, the story of the two eat countries throughout some of the st important and fateful periods. Miss mstrong has recognized this, and has t only made her book one of the finest biographies to appear in many a year, but has given us a picture of those pregnant decades unsurpassed by any recent biographer, not even the vivid Strachey.

A most unique and interesting book has just come to my desk—*The Bible Treasure Book,* by William Edwards Cameron, (Treasure Book House, Philadelphia, $2.50). This is "a collection of more than two thousand questions and answers covering facts and occurrences set forth in the Holy Bible, not generally known and unfamiliar to many Bible students." It is unquestionably that, but also a great deal more. For I am sure that one who masters all the questions in this remarkable book will have a more complete knowledge of The Bible than is usually possessed by most students. Try yourself on these questions: What book of the New Testament was not written in Greek, as the others were? What was the first wedding present? What woman wore the first bridal veil? In rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem, what women helped? Where is sugar cane mentioned in the Bible? That is enough for a starter, but I wish some of you thorough Bible students would get this book, and try to answer all the questions, before looking up those answers—which, of course, are given in separate chapters. This little volume would afford many hours of interesting entertainment to whole families, evenings; and will be sure to increase your knowledge of The Book, and deepen your respect for its infinite range, covering the whole field of human history and endeavor.

We have just received advance copies of *Stories from the Old Testament,* by Maud and Miska Petersham (John C. Winston Co., $2.75). This is the latest in a series of beautiful Bible books by these two gifted writers and artists. Do not confuse this book with the ordinary "Bible Stories for Children." For it lays stress less upon the story, than upon the pictures. And these are true things of beauty. The authors visited the Holy Land and the scenes of the events they describe; and have painted these incomparable pictures, reproduced in this volume in six colors, upon the finest of paper. The stories are mainly condensations of the Bible language, somewhat simplified for reading by children; but the paintings are so beautiful that they will be a joy to young and old alike. In this volume, the stories presented are those of Joseph and His Brothers, Moses, Ruth, and David. The pictures are not only beautiful—they are accurate; they are, so far as is humanly possible, true presentations of the people and scenes they describe. One grows more and more enthusiastic as one turns the pages—here are works of art, that will impress the Bible story upon young minds as no mere words could.

Previous books by these authors have scored marked success. Next we give you the new list recommended by Dr. Foulkes' Committee:

RELIGION

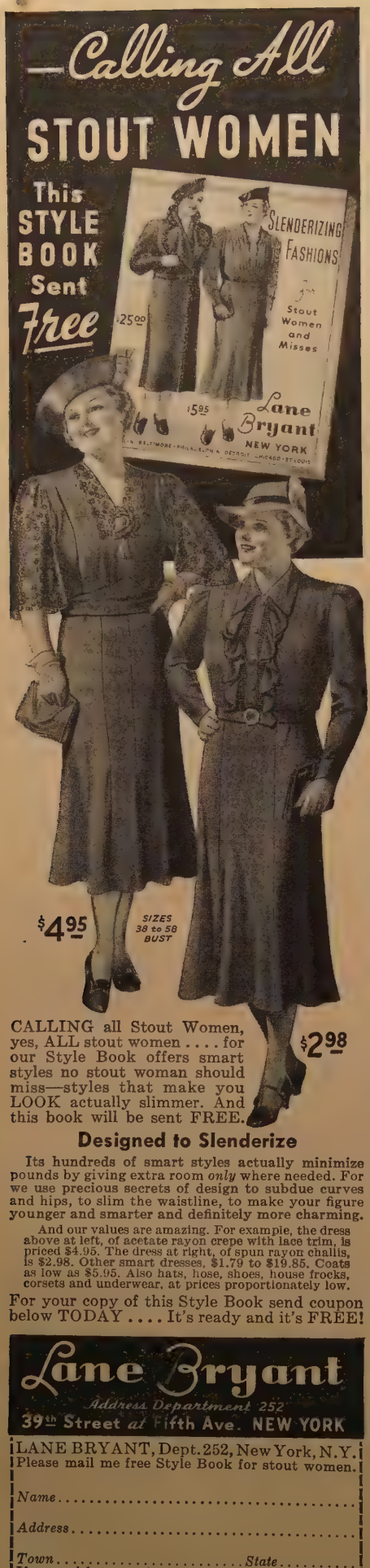
CHRIST AND THE FINE ARTS, by Cynthia Pearl Maus—Harper & Bros., $3.95.
It is hard to restrain one's enthusiasm in reviewing a book like this. An anthology of art reproductions and picture-interpretations, hymns and hymn interpretations and poems and stories, it is by far the finest Christian anthology we have ever seen. We say that advisedly. It is ideal as a bed-side book, invaluable to a preacher (there are five hundred sermons in it) and the Sunday-school teacher. Recommended without reserve.

MORE CHAPEL TALKS, by Elbert Russel—Cokesbury Press, $1.50.
Fifty-five short talks on a wide variety of religious subjects. Modern phraseology, sound theology. It will interest the minister, and any worker with youth. It reflects intelligently the problems of the youth of today.

CHALLENGE, by M. R. Bennett—Longmans, Green & Co., $1.40.
The Archbishop of York in commenting upon "Challenge" reports, "Many of its readers will be startled, some shocked and a few hurt." He is right. The little volume is well named. It should be read by every clergyman and indeed it may be read with profit by every intelligent church member.

THE HUMAN SITUATION, by W. Macneile Dixon—Longmans, Green & Co., $3.00.
For the preacher and for the general reader. The questions are posed and faced: "What is the ultimate reality?" and "Is life worth living?" The author believes, and justifies his belief, that denial of life beyond the grave is a virtual denial of all life's present values. The book is an exciting intellectual and spiritual adventure.

(Continued on next page)



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(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALITY SURVIVES DEATH by Lady Barrett—Longmans, Green & C $2.50. The most convincing little volume that we have yet found in this field. runs true to the belief of the average Christian in what it has to say about l beyond the grave. Whether or not we believe in these voices and manifestatio we can read all that is written here without finding our senses rebuked.

IN THE STEPS OF MOSES THE LAWGIVER by Louis Golding—Macmillan, $2. This book represents the author's observations and descriptions of the scer along the route traveled by Moses and the Jews to Sinai. The comments on t Pillar of Fire, the Burning Bush, Manna in the Wilderness, are thrilling readi Twenty-four full-page photographs illustrate the text.

IT BEGAN IN GALILEE by Reginald J. Barker—Cokesbury, $2.50. A "study Revolutionary Christianity," this book claims that personal and social religi are inseparable; that the Gospel is adequate to today's need in both respec Good background discussions of what Jesus lived and preached, but little n light is thrown on anything.

THE CHURCH THROUGH THE CENTURIES by Cyril Charles Richardson Scribners, $2.50. The June selection of the Religious Book-of-the-Month Cl Dr. Richardson not only establishes a more substantial and clear meaning to t idea of "The Church," but also amplifies what the Church means to our generati

VOICES IN THE CATHEDRAL by Sartell Prentice—Morrow, $3.50. Subtitl "Tales in Stone and Legends in Glass," this delightful book is a worthy compani to "The Heritage of the Cathedral" by the same author. These two books co stitute the most complete and fascinating study of European Cathedrals ever pu lished, and Mr. Prentice's style makes them a joy to read.

SAUL, KING OF ISRAEL by Victor S. Starbuck—University of North Caroli Press, $2.50. A book-length epic poem, handled with beauty and power. He is the story of Saul as a man and a king. This is not Wordsworth nor Shal speare, yet it is a symphonic and attractive presentation of an attractive histori personality.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The two following juveniles should receive more than honorable mention:

ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE, Dorothy Lathrop—Fredrick A. Stokes & Co., $2.(Winner of the first Caldecott Medal for the most distinguished picture book f children. Excellent drawings, accompanied by Biblical Text. For ages 6-12.

A CHILD'S GRACE, Harold Burdekin and Ernest Claxton—E. P. Dutton & Co., $1.: Delightful photographs and verse of a fine spiritual caliber, which will make of us, old and young, appreciate and value everyday benefits. For all ag

FOR ENTERTAINMENT

HOMING, Grace Livingston Hill—J. B. Lippincott and Co. $2.00. A refreshing sto of genuine warmth and friendliness between understanding people in diverse wal of life, flavored with romance and adventure. This is Mrs. Hill at her best.

KINDLING, Neville Shute, Wm. Morrow & Co., $2.50. The story of a banker w risks his reputation and freedom to save an English industrial town from co plete collapse. The way he goes about this makes a tale of suspense and mounti action, which cannot fail to win your respect and sympathy.

TOWERS IN THE MIST, Elizabeth Goudge—Coward-McCann, Inc., $2.50. A no of Oxford and England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The author *can* write strong and stimulating characterization of a family. Here is the atmosphere culture and romance of the times as it affected Canon Leigh and his family.

QUIET THOUGHTS, Patience Strong—E. P. Dutton & Co., $.50. This little bo contains pleasant thoughts on such homey subjects as Try Again, Giving, Shari and Resolutions, to mention only a few. For delightful quiet reading.

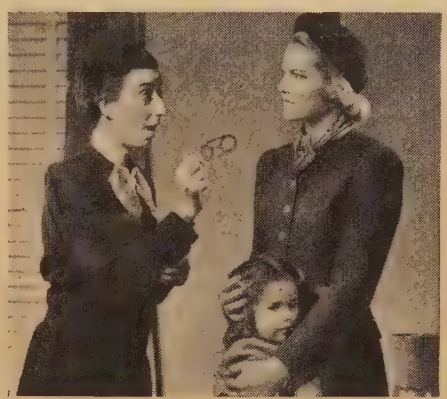
WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS, Margaret Bell—E. P. Dutton & Co., $3.50. Fi characterizations of such women as Anne Bradstreet, the first American po Elizabeth Warren, one of the first feminists, and Anne Hutchinson. "Women the Wilderness" is as challenging as "The Flowering of New England" is beau ful. Both books are written with exquisite taste and discriminating understandi For source material this volume is invaluable.

FREE LAND, Rose Wilder Lane—Longmans, Green & Co., $2.50. A stirring and her tale. A story of making a home in the prairie; especially, the woman's part settling the West. Here is an epic of frontier America worthy of a place in t library of every discriminating American reader.

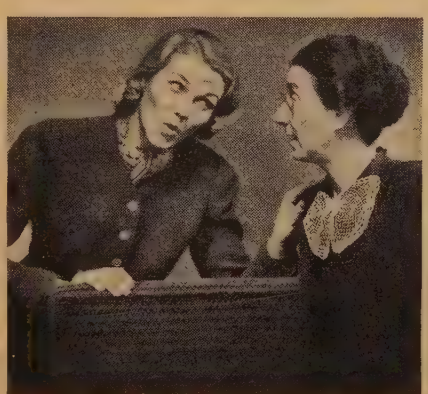
(Continued on page 54)

"Ah-h—Aunt Prissy... bribing my child again, eh!"

1. MOTHER: For Goodness sake, aunty—you know very well it's wrong to *bribe* a child!



2. AUNT: It may be wrong. But how will you get her to take that nasty-tasting laxative? *You* tried to *force* it down her throat this morning—and *that* didn't work . . .



3. MOTHER: Yes . . . I know . . . that's why I went to ask the doctor about it. He said making a child take *any* medicine she hates could upset her entire nervous system.

4. MOTHER: So I asked him if I couldn't give her the nice-tasting laxative I take myself. And he said "NO." Said a grown-up's laxative can be too STRONG for a tot's system. Even when given in smaller doses.

MOTHER: He told me to get Fletcher's toria because it's made *only* for children. mild. It won't gripe. *And* he said children e its pleasant taste. So I bought a bottle n the druggist on the way home.

6. MOTHER: Whe-e-e-e! Lo-o-o-k! She thinks it's a treat! . . . Now we know we've got a laxative she'll take without bribing or forcing. A SAFE one, too! And one the doctor says will do her a world of good.

Mother! Be wise! Be safe!

Think before giving your child the same laxative you take. For if it's strong enough for *you,* it can be TOO STRONG for a child's system.

Give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made ONLY for children *even to its pleasant taste.* Get the Family-Size bottle today. Look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for babies and growing children

LET BABY DECIDE!
12 TASTY FOODS TO TEMPT HIS APPETITE ★
● Put Heinz Strained Foods to the test of your baby's taste. He'll relish their natural color —their "garden" flavor. Heinz cooks these foods scientifically—in sealed kettles with dry steam. The valuable vitamin and mineral contents are sealed in—never cooked out. You'll pay no premium for Heinz extra quality!
★ 12 KINDS — Strained Vegetable Soup; Peas; Green Beans; Cereal; Carrots; Beets; Tomatoes; Spinach; Prunes; Mixed Greens; Apricots and Apple Sauce; Beef and Liver Soup.
HEINZ STRAINED APRICOTS & APPLE SAUCE
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods
Guard your baby's health with these two safety seals found only on—
57
HEINZ
STRAINED FOODS

NEW HEAVY BODY 3-IN-ONE OIL IS MADE FOR WASHERS
M-M-M-M-M-M
HEAVY BODY 3-IN-ONE OIL is made especially for washing machines, electric refrigerators, lawn mowers, light motors, etc. LUBRICATES, CLEANS and PROTECTS just like regular 3-IN-ONE, but is heavy bodied for heavier jobs. In 1-oz. and 3-oz. handy spout cans.
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Earn up to $5 in a day. Take orders for sensational value name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 50 for $1. All one design or assorted. Also Religious, Humorous, Business Christmas Cards, all with sender's name, same low price. Liberal cash profit for you.
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General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. A-444, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page 37)

shall we say of world peace? Surely the goal that seemed to many a short generation ago so close at hand, is now remote. Wars and rumors of wars, though the wars themselves be undeclared, fill all the earth. Ten million more men, we are told, are under arms today than were under arms when the so-called "World War" broke over the Continent of Europe.

What may we do? Well, beyond all particulars of national campaigns, without interference with ideologies of government, without as a movement joining the debate between the violently agitated states, we may, indeed we must, reiterate our loyalty to the ideal of a world-wide Christian peace. Toward this goal let us both work and pray. Surely the regular activities of our societies and unions, the Christian devotion of our millions of members, will unite to help lay firmly the foundations for the world's structure of peace.

But in addition to these, we shall be negligent indeed, aye, and criminally negligent I am persuaded, if we do not organize our youth to aggressively work for peace itself. Christian Endeavor has a formula. We agreed at the Budapest World's Convention that, without prejudice to or interference with the conclusions and convictions of individuals, we could unite upon the platform of our common agreements. We have agreed that we can and must go the length of our common agreements to destroy the causes, economic and social as well as racial and political, of armed conflict. We may more and more unite upon educational programs and for the circulation of anti-war literature. We may everywhere unite in support of conferences, conventions in international programs that have as their goal a Christian peace.

One thing more in particular offers us a distinct, indeed an imperative challenge, to action. Let us now in Melbourne, from this Tenth World's Convention, lift a voice against the bombing of open cities. Let us declare the united purpose of world youth to close the air above open cities, to every hostile fleet. There must be world agreement not to rain a ruthless death upon non-combatants. World capitals, great cities of all nations are alike vulnerable—Rome, Paris, London, Berlin, Washington, Shanghai, Tokyo, Melbourne. All of these, all capitals, all open cities, by international compact and by inviolable holy treaties, should be forbidden ground to air raiders.

"Close the air," I say; "Close the air." Let this convention trumpet, "Close the air above all open cities to all destructive military activities."

The bully has in human affairs taken over governments and he now dictates international relations. Racial and religious minorities are crushed by his cruel and intolerant might. In the presence of this vicious madness the Christian Church dare not remain silent. In the spirit of Christ, Christian Endeavor declares that all men are brothers and that the only superiority is the superiority of character.

This Tenth World's Christian Endeavor Convention, whatever prophets of despair may declare, has brought us to the threshold of a new world. Tonight, we declare our faith in the moral and spirit adventures of tomorrow and in the who invites us.

But finally, what shall be said of faith? Clearly it must be faith in ultimate. But definitely it must be fa in the present as the open door tow the ultimate. Today a casual faith is enough. A comfortable faith is enough. A reasonable faith is not enou Aye, and an adventurous faith is enough for this occasion—this new casion without precedent in all the nals of human history.

A stubborn faith is required, a fa that cries with one of old, "I will not thee go," and that declares unalterab "Though He slay me, yet will I tr Him." It is the faith of the Hebr children who answered the wrath Nebuchadnezzar and the ordeal of fiery furnace with these immortal wor "Our God is well able to deliver us, if not we will not bow down." T could be destroyed but their faith wo not surrender. A comfortable faith reasonable faith, yes, and an advent ing faith would have left them burned a crisp or waving a palm below an east monarch's throne. But a stubborn fa gave them both time and eternity.

And Christian Endeavorers of the wo God is to us as He was to them—all t men believe Him to be if they beli hard enough and long enough.

Let us go out then, believing in o selves, believing in ourselves in spite ten thousand failures and ten thousa more. Let us go out then, believing freedom, in the worth and inviola sanctity of human personality. Beli ing, too, that at last man will not s render the dearly bought triumj achieved through six hundred years struggle upward through feudal syste

Let us go out from this Tenth Wor Convention believing in our fellow-m and above all believing in God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. lieving in a beneficent God who, tho He does not arrange the universe for utmost ease of man, who, although does not exempt humanity from pain from tragic physical and social disast does vouchsafe unto us comradeship our struggles. He has never promised emption, but He does give the assura that we shall be perfected in our sufferi

Let us go out believing beyond creeds and all faiths, stubbornly beli ing that this life is but the childhood our immortality. In this faith, Christ Endeavorers, let us go out from our Te World's Convention, refusing all failu and joining the conflict with all men women of good will to build a better more friendly world.

The challenge of Christ to youth "Follow me." And God helping us, all the earth and into every Christ task—WE WILL FOLLOW!

★

If I Were . . .

AN USHER

I'm afraid I'd get a peeve on when f slipped into the third pew from the b and left me walking down the aisle alone like a drum major who'd lost procession. I guess my smile would all on the outside.

—McAlpi

(Continued from page 26)

If You Want to Join a Peace Organization,

rite ***Public Action Committee,*** 30 Lockefeller Plaza, New York City
Chairman, Mrs. Seth M. Milliken
Executive Secretary, Mrs. W. G. Preston, Jr.
No dues or fees are necessary for enrollment. Offers all peace minded citizens a Postcard Service for Peace through which hey may be informed of important issues f peace legislation before Congress. Conerted action asked of members. Nonartisan.

eople's Mandate Committee to End ar, Hotel Hay-Adams, Washington, .C.
Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Chairman, Mabel ernon, Director. No dues or fees. Coperation invited in circulation of the eople's Mandate for signature by people n every walk of life. Over two million gnatures already secured.

omen's International League for Peace nd Freedom, 532 17th Street, N.W., Vashington, D.C.
Hannah Clothier Hull, National President; Dorothy Detzer, National Executive Secetary.
Through legislative and political action, ducation, publicity, and community projcts, the organization attempts to further ne principles of peace, freedom, and juse. Membership is $1.00 per year.

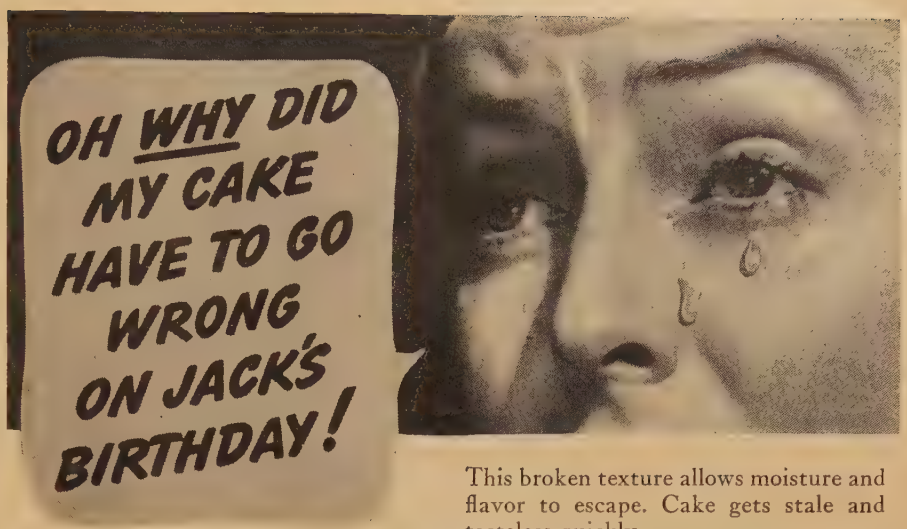
orld Peaceways, Inc. 103 Park Avenue, ew York City.
resident, Theresa Mayer Durlach, Execctive Director, Estelle M. Sternberger.
ach contributor of a minimum of $1.00 er year receives the monthly bulletin. Iembers invited to actively support oranization program.

ational Council for Prevention of War, 32 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washingon, D.C.
Executive Secretary—Frederick J. Libby. ublishes the *Washington Information etter,* which reports the status of bills earing on the peace problem.

ational Committee on the Cause and ure of War, 1622 Grand Central Terinal Building, New York City.
Honorary Chairman, Mrs. Carrie Chapan Catt, Chairman, Josephine Schain.

Member Organizations:

merican Association of University Women
ouncil of Women for Home Missions
ommittee on Women's Work, Foreign Missions
onference of North America
eneral Federation of Women's Clubs
ational Board of the Y.W.C.A.
ational Council of Jewish Women
ational Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs
ational League of Women Voters
ational Woman's Christian Temperance Union
ational Women's Conference of American Ethical Union
ational Women's Trade Union League
ome Demonstration Council



Poor Joan was mortified! Just when she wanted her cake to be *extra* fine—it was coarse, dry, flavorless.

Joan never knew how her cake would turn out. It was a matter of luck. She'd bake a good one—and then, perhaps when it mattered *so* much—she'd have a failure.

But there is a way that Joan, and all women who bake, can be more certain of success every time. Expert cooks have known this secret for years. *It's Royal Baking Powder.*

Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *steady baking powder action* that assures a close, even texture. Your cake will be fine-grained . . . stay fresh longer . . . keep its goodness to the last delectable crumb. *Uneven baking powder action* often breaks down the tiny cell walls. This broken texture allows moisture and flavor to escape. Cake gets stale and tasteless quickly.

Royal is cheap "baking insurance"

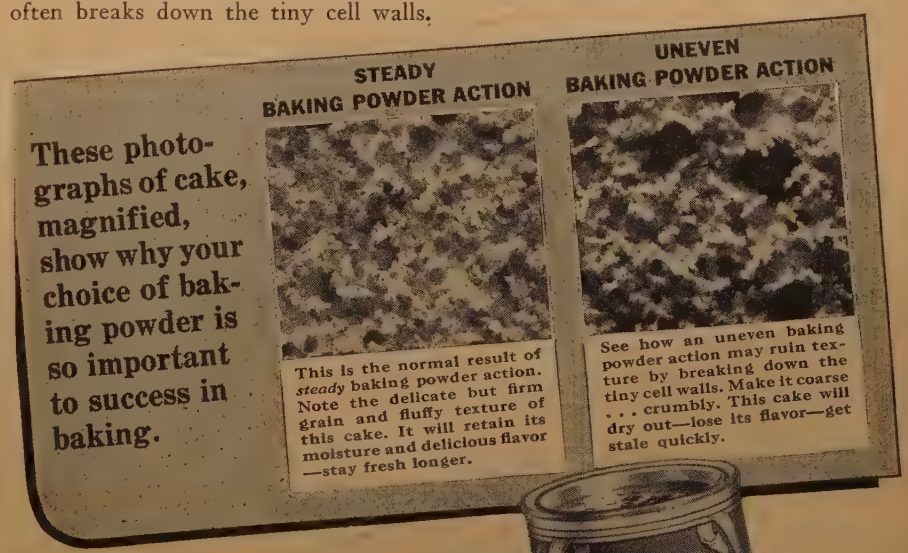
The greater assurance that Royal gives costs only about 1c per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

Wouldn't you spend part of a penny to be more certain of getting a light, fluffy cake that you will be proud of?

Cream of Tartar is the secret

Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking powder" taste. Your cake, biscuits, muffins —everything you bake—will be delicious.

So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You'll agree it's well worth the difference in price.


These photographs of cake, magnified, show why your choice of baking powder is so important to success in baking.
STEADY BAKING POWDER ACTION
This is the normal result of *steady* baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture and delicious flavor —stay fresh longer.
UNEVEN BAKING POWDER ACTION
See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls. Make it coarse . . . crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale quickly.

FREE COOK BOOK

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make the most delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies you ever tasted. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York City. Dept. 209.

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It's no trouble to keep a toilet sparkling clean and sanitary. You don't even have to touch the toilet with your hands. Just sprinkle a little SANI-FLUSH in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and that's all!

SANI-FLUSH is *made* to do this job. It removes stains. It puts an end to toilet odors. It kills germs. It purifies the hidden trap. Porcelain glistens like new. SANI-FLUSH can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

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Amazing $1 seller. Costs you only 50c. Take orders for latest sensation. "COPPER GIFT BOX" embossed on metal foil with 21 newly designed Christmas Folders. Nothing like it on the market. Tops all others in value and appeal. Many other assortments. Full line of Personal Christmas Cards with name imprinted. Just show samples and make big money. Write today.

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CARDINAL GREETINGS

Dept. 149 Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from page 33)

tific test, its ability to utter 253 million different shades of tone. And, thought they, it was sufficient excuse to summon the Federal Trade Commission to stage a trial based on "unfair trade practices."

For days the Federal Commission men sat under the barrage of argument. And presently they grew exceedingly weary of the whole thing. For while they were desirous of doing right by anybody who had been wronged, they seemed to see no reasonable grounds for ordering this man Hammond to "cease and desist." But the organ manufacturers were obdurate. They were not even willing to grant Hammond a seat among them as an organ maker. "This is no organ," they repeated over and over. "And only an organ can make organ music!"

Eventually Laurens Hammond spoke up. "Very well, gentlemen," he said in that calm way he has, "it is claimed that my instrument is not an organ. That depends upon definitions—and every man has his own. These men are right in claiming that only an organ can produce organ music. By inference, then, they agree that any instrument that *can* make organ music must be an organ—whether it has pipes or not. Why not make a test?"

Fine! The commission brightened with the hopefulness that comes to men long beleaguered. Even the pipe organ manufacturers were agreeable. For there was nobody not stone deaf, they thought, who could not tell the difference at the sound of the first note.

Hammond's instrument was pitted against the $75,000 organ in the chapel of the University of Chicago, one of the finest in the country. The jury was composed of nine experts and a group of the musical laity, students at the university. The consoles were screened from the men with pads and pencils, and thirty selections were played, half on the Hammond and half on the pipe organ.

The musical coterie took their seats and prepared to smile genteelly behind their handkerchiefs. They fully expected that half the selections would be marked by a tinny sound. But all they heard was a beautifully resonant and colorful organ tone—on all thirty of the pieces.

They pleated their brows and, according to their lights, filled in the spaces on their pads. And when the papers were taken up, it was found that the students had been fifty per cent right—about the same percentage you'd get by letting a flipped coin decide for you—and the heap big medicine men of music were only slightly better in their judgment of what music was produced by electric and what by pipe organ!

Meanwhile, the public at large was succumbing to amazement wherever the Hammond organ was heard. Acclaimed as the herald of a new era in music, the new invention was about to make fine organ music available, for the first time, to families of small means. The instrument occupied no more space than a modern spinet piano, could be installed in a matter of minutes, and weighed barely 300 pounds.

They saw the Hammond as manna from heaven for the small or medium-sized church, to whose organ-hungry congregations the piano or reed-organ as starvation diet.

Churchmen particularly were impres On their fingers they ticked off three vorable factors:

(1) For about the same price a ch would have to pay for a good piano, could give their congregations organ sic;

(2) The upkeep was negligible— Hammond would not consume more $10 worth of current a year;

(3) The necessity for constant tu the old bugbear of the pipe organ, done away with in the Hammond.

But it was the professional music who gave the little instrument the big hand. Unlike the pipe organ manu turers, they regarded it for its perfo ance alone, and cared not a whit whe it was called an organ or an electric liope. The music-masters sang it a welcome into the fold. George Gersh bought the first Hammond offered sale. Stokowski heard the organ and claimed: "With six of these instrum I can produce a symphony conce Toscanini, Deems Taylor, Damro Hoffman, Mary Garden, Sir Tho Beecham, as well as others of the musi ly great, came in on the chorus.

Today, Hammond organ music is b played in no fewer than thirty-nine ferent countries, in humble little chur in remote places as well as in such exa cathedrals as Canterbury.

Yet, regardless of his organ's wide ceptance among certain high places worship, Hammond himself cherishes delusion that his invention will now, o any time in the immediate future, away in moth balls all things pertainin pipe organs—especially those of the be grade. "Pipe organ building," he says, an art—and you can't stereotype or m anize an art. Pipe organs are tailor-m built to fit specific churches with spe space and acoustical needs. And as lon churches have $25,000 or more to sp on an organ, they will want the tailo fit and appearance that only a mag cently constructed pipe organ can g The principal church field for which Hammond is made is that now supp by reed or small organs, or no organ at Here it is cost that is the deciding fac Some churches have been able to bu Hammond for less than the cost of rep ing their old pipe organ."

The same goes for individuals who to purchase an organ for the home. few years ago, only the very weal could think of having organ music in t homes. Now the Hammond brings to home all the musical cultural possibili as well as unbounded chance for self pression, at low cost.

And so the man who knew no sic, who couldn't even play chop sti hears the far echoes of the music he given the peoples of the world. And p ably there are times when he sits bac the little laboratory, down in the b ment of one of the two factories wh hundreds of workers are busy turning more Hammonds, and lets his mind back to the time "they laughed when sat down at the organ"—not to play, to create something new for a world couldn't otherwise enter because of a icky muse who passed him by when was handing out her favors.

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(Continued from page 23)

hear. Perhaps, the only way was to meet them where they were. To go along with their plans, avoiding any issue and conflict. He could lift a little as the opportunity came and yet keep his church united.

With shoulders squared and chin thrust forward pugnaciously, Bruce considered this as he went back to his room.

Bruce Hardy did not play baseball on Saturday. Just as he was all set for it and his mouth fairly watering over the prospect, a sleek appearing undertaker called.

"The game's off," Bruce announced ruefully, descending into Mrs. Caleb's domain after the gentleman's departure. "I've got a funeral."

Mrs. Caleb clucked in sympathy. "Who is it?"

"It's a baby, out on the edge of town."

"You don't mean Spiger?— My land! That's the third baby they've lost in three years," announced his landlady severely as she removed her apron. "The Lord gives and the Lord takes away mighty fast in that family. It's lack of proper food and care, that's what it is."

"He said they were pretty poor," said Bruce.

"Poor's no name for it. Bill drinks up most all the money he gits and it ain't much since the Trust took the mills. Dan, that's the boy, he works and Emma, she is in a store part of the time. Emma and Dan were in church Sunday with two of the young uns. Mebbe you saw 'em."

"I heard about them," returned Bruce grimly, recalling John Dale's protest in the Committee.

Mrs. Caleb was rubbing her nose vexedly and preparing to use the phone. "If them folks had fresh milk and some other things they wouldn't be so sickly," she declared with conviction. "We was talkin' 'bout a Milk Fund for the town. Mary Knowles wanted it. But, somehow, we never got round to it. The ministers didn't seem interested and we Aiders had our coal to git—mebbe we was too slow." She picked up the phone and called a number. "We'll have to git Mollie Spiger some clothes—that's sure. Prob'ly, Mary will help Emma."

While she thus busied herself, Bruce retired to look over his ritual. An hour later he was on his way to the Spiger home. The way was through a poorer part of the village, "Boonville," Mrs. Caleb called it; but the little homes were neatly kept and he found a real joy in the sight of flowers and well tended gardens. Then the street seemed to fade out into a rutted, dusty way that ran between neglected, open lots. Beyond was an unpainted shack, more a hovel than cottage, with a low, second story tucked under a hot, tin roof. Mary Knowles came out as he came up the path.

"Why, it's the little minister," she exclaimed.

Both smiled over the incongruous phrase. Almost half a head taller, Bruce was looking down at the girl's slender figure. She seemed very pretty in her white shirtwaist and pique skirt that barely revealed the tips of dainty white shoes. A red rose was pinned at her waist and a coral necklace encircled her throat. Dark eyes smiled from under a broad brimmed hat. Again he saw the diamond sparkli on her left hand and wondered vagu about it.

"What are you doing here?" he asked

Her dimpled smile revealed white, ev teeth. "Emma is one of my girls. I ha a class in the Sunday School, you kno or perhaps you don't," she added.

He eyed her with a sudden gravity. shall look for it next Sunday."

Her color heightened under his ga "You must pay some attention to Em when you go in," she said seriously. "Y will see. Poor girl! Life is hard for h there. She works for the 'Five and T but she is home today. She does wh she can for the children but there is m much she can do."

She turned to go. "I'm going to s Betty Trask. She lives in that cotta down the road. She was the one in bl in the choir last Sunday. Perhaps y noticed her. No? Well you will. Sh a fascinating little thing but she's runni with Spike Gregory, the saloon mar She grimaced her dislike most charming

"And I suppose you would like to s that broken up," Bruce remarked wi sympathy.

"I certainly would," said Mary decide ly. "These girls are all problems, M Hardy."

Bruce nodded as if he understood gi perfectly but thoughts quite remote fro such problems were flooding his mind. I was keenly aware that the girl before hi was a very attractive young person, th her smile was like sunlight and her ey very deep and dark. That engageme ring was sparkling balefully sayin "Hands off," but he was in a mood to nore it. "I wonder if I could catch with you after my call," he venture "and walk back with you."

As he spoke he was conscious that curtain of seriousness seemed suddenly veil her face. She was withdrawing befo his approach. "I'm sorry," she said, wi a certain reserve, moving toward the ga "I'm not going home then. I always st and have tea with Mandy Peel."

Bruce followed her, refusing to be p off. "I will go with you as far as Ma dy's," he declared eagerly. "I want talk with you more about Emma." N waiting for her answer, and trying to r duce his usual quickstep to a proper tem of dignity he turned and walked firm toward the house.

Mrs. Spiger proved to be a much wo woman whose tired features bore witne to a poverty that knows no end or hop Several small children, tow headed a barefooted, grimy of hands and fa gathered promptly behind their mothe chair and stared curiously at the visito Emma came down the short stairs a shook hands.

"I was at church last Sunday," she sa in a low, not unpleasing voice. She w wearing a plain gingham dress neat ironed and her hair freshly combed s off a gentle, friendly face. Bruce lik her air of motherly solicitude as she tri to clean the children's faces with wat from a pail. With her slender figure a graceful carriage, she would be very go looking if properly dressed.

Mrs. Spiger calmly accepted his halti expressions of sympathy. The baby h been sickly and it was a wonder it lived long as it did. Her man and Danny we

lown at the mill. She didn't know exctly how they would manage about geting the children slicked up for the funeral ut supposed they would do it somehow. Probably Bill would not be drunk. He isually kept sober for a funeral.

Bruce nodded uncomfortably. He was eeling slightly bewildered. The squalid oom, the many flies pouring through uncreened windows, the restless, fretful hildren, the frowsy, ignorant woman, the itter hopelessness of everything left him vith a feeling that he needed a bath.

Through the window he caught a limpse of Emma loitering in the unkempt ard. She had plucked a few wild flowers nd was holding them up to her face.

A few moments later, Bruce had met Mary Knowles. "I don't understand it," he remarked as they went down the treet. "There is nothing to take hold of." His eyes were troubled. Gone was the ardency against which the girl had instinctively raised her defences. He had pparently forgotten her charms. He was rowning, his brow furrowed, his hands lenched. Unconsciously, he lengthened his stride until she hurried to keep up. Perceiving this, he stopped and apologized. "I'm afraid I was forgetting what I was doing but I can't forget that." A thumb erked back over his shoulder. "I must ee somebody, do something, and I don't know exactly what."

"They ought to have water and gas," Mary agreed. "That might be a first hing. When they were laying the mains, hey stopped on this side."

"Why was that?"

"I don't know exactly. Squire Clouse owns the property and I suppose he did not want to pay the assessment. At any rate, he had enough influence to stop it."

"Politics, eh?" Bruce commented with an air of discovery.

Mary nodded. "I suppose so. I don't know much about it. Sam Darnley could tell you. He could help you to get water and gas, too."

A heavy hand smote an open palm and Bruce declared heatedly. "I'm going to see Sam Darnley today. I've been in this town a week and if there has been one day when I did not hear his name, I don't remember when it was. He seems to be mixed up with most everything here. His family is in our church, they tell me." Again his pace quickened. "I'm not looking for any miracle from water, understand. Those people need cleaning up inside before they will amount to anything. But I'd like to give them a chance."

They had come to Mandy Peel's cottage, a neat freshly painted little home embowered in flowers and Mary turned in at the gate. "Tell Sam what you want," she encouraged. "And don't call me Miss Knowles. I'm Mary to everyone else in this blessed town and I guess I can be to my Pastor."

Turning as she came to the house, she watched the redheaded young man as he strode confidently away and there was approval in her eyes. He walked as if he were going places and he was kind hearted.

Bruce found Sam Darnley tucked away in a small office on the second floor back of the main business block.

"Glad to see you," Sam responded when Bruce had introduced himself. "Sit down. Excuse me a moment."

(To be continued)

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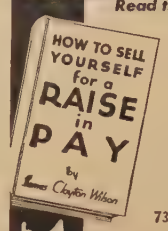

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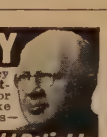

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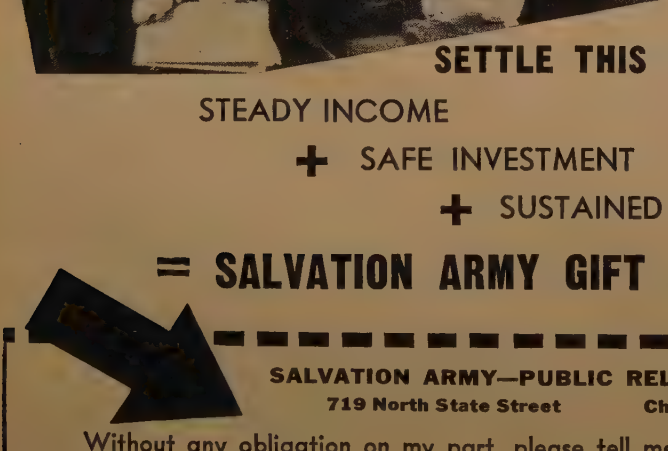

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(Continued from page 18)

criminals, large and small, petty thief an Public Enemy No. 1. Yet, selfishness another element in their actions, since is a direct result of egotism. Togethe selfishness and egotism make a man fe that anything he wants can be his.

But why these attitudes? My answe to that question is not a new one; I firm ly believe that the early years of thes persons who come before me saw the birt of these attitudes—and this means tha the responsibility for most crime lie with the parents.

It is evident to everyone that, if give a chance, a child soon learns anything ca be his if he throws himself on the floo and yells long enough. And what othe results can that have but to give the chil the "world is my oyster" conviction?

During my time on the bench, I hav decided also that crime grows just a surely as do trees or plants. I have ha occasion to sentence young men and late to sentence them again. After a time I can see by the newspapers, they are no coming to me in my small court: They g to higher courts for greater crimes, hav ing committed robbery, burglary and othe major transgressions. Like acorns, crimi nal tendencies appear in youths, and lik acorns, the same tendencies grow into at titudes and then into great fixations. Be fore the youths realize it, they are full fledged criminals.

A man who served on my bench before me stayed there only a few years. H left, and climbed higher in the world Today, he occupies one of the most im portant judicial seats in the world—As sociate Supreme Court justice of the United States.

However, in some ways I feel that I too, am a supreme court justice. It is t the lower city and county courts of ou country that the vast majority of law breakers are taken. *It is in these court that most persons get their conceptions o what justice means.*

It is to my court—and those of its kind throughout the country—that the major ity of young persons first go. I must try young men for their first adult fights, fo their first ventures into the fields of gam bling, for their first transgressions against traffic and moral laws. If they are no arrested in their minds in my court, then chances are they cannot be stopped from a career of worthlessness. And my court is really the court of last appeal to most who are tried before me. To my court come thousands who will never know the meaning of "appeal." And they could not appeal if they knew the meaning of the word, for to appeal means money and they have none.

So I repeat: although I am a city judge my job is a supreme one.

Why not take a trip to your city po lice court, if you have never been there as a visitor, witness or defendant? No one will be injured, mentally or morally by such a visit, although he will find life in the raw, so to speak. There in the courtroom where the rich and poor con glomerate, you might attain a new per spective in life, a new vision of what is happening in your city. I believe a new feeling of tolerance for the petty mis takes of your friends will come from such visits.

(Continued from page 27)

quaintance. I suppose that would be impossible in America?"

"I think so," I replied, cautiously, afraid to shut off this priceless flow of artlessness. I had been chatted with often by perfect strangers in England, but I didn't say so.

"I suppose your politics couldn't be understood by an Englishman," he went on. "Have you anyone like Lord Baldwin or Mr. Eden?"

"No!" I said, with gusto.

"I suppose not! Of course, you'll be having a dictator, shortly. You need one, I fear. I wonder if you know that there are two beings the average Englishman hates, a Jew and an American? We don't trust either of them. In business they will always cheat you. We just aren't clever enough for them."

"Dear me!" I murmured. "Do you know that many Americans don't trust the English in the world of diplomacy? That they believe England drives very sharp bargains? Did you ever read the minutes of the making of the treaty of Versailles?"

"Really?" he exclaimed. "They don't trust us?" He was thoughtful for a moment. "Well, I don't really blame them," he confessed. Then he added, "But we must be friends, our two countries could save the world from chaos."

"How can we be friends," I asked, "if all Englishmen feel as you do? I find your ignorance of America simply dumfounding and quite inexcusable, for you can read and must have had some sort of an education. I must believe you deliberately refuse to learn because of your island prejudices. I have never met an Englishman quite as frankly prejudiced as you, but if you are a type, our two countries never can be friends."

"Yes, we can be and we must be!" he exclaimed. "What do all these little prejudices matter, for Americans and Englishmen are alike in the great thing that counts. We believe in individual liberty. And liberty is a thing of the soul."

Then, he gathered up his wife and went out to the luncheon car, leaving me completely floored. Penn who had not been able to hear the conversation said, "What were you talking about? His bride was looking daggers at you."

"Bride?" I asked weakly.

"Of course! I knew that at once. And you butting in on the bridal tour! But what was he saying?" she demanded.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," I replied. But I tried.

"He's absolutely cuckoo," Penn assured me. "All my friends are keen about America and Americans and so are yours. And when you think it over, he is no dumber about Americans than lots of Americans are about the English. It's up to us to keep right on trying to remove what prejudices we can."

Yes, Penn is growing up.

★

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· STAMPS ·

Religion In Stamps

By Winthrop Adams

SOONER or later, in stamps, you specialize. You can't get all of them: to get hold of all the stamps of just one country, with all its varieties and shades and errors, is too much of a job for most of us. So we "narrow down."

It may be a specialization including only Ships in Stamps, or Athletics or Great Men or Animals or Explorers or Musicians or Writers in Stamps; there just isn't any end to the list, or any end to the interest to be found in any one of them. We met a man once who saved nothing but the U. S. Red Cross Issue of 1931 (No. 702); he had many of them, with something different about each stamp. And last week we met a man with a huge album of Religion in Stamps.

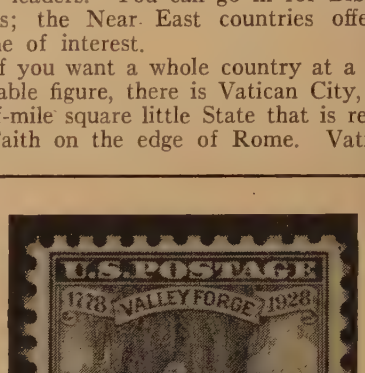
It is a beautiful book, of the loose-leaf variety. On some pages he has mounted a single stamp, and on others whole sets. Each stamp has its own little frame, drawn by hand in ordinary vari-colored Five-and-Ten Cent Store ink, and each page its very attractive colored lines around the edge, setting off the whole display. Each page, too, has at the bottom the autograph of some prominent Churchman—a great bishop or preacher or missionary.

It is one of the finest collections of stamps we have ever seen, and there are some things about it that we want to pass on to our readers. First of all, it was a thousand times more attractive than any printed album in the business, and it probably cost one-tenth as much. You don't have to be a millionaire to go down to the nearest Woolworth and buy a supply of colored ink; you don't have to be a genius to take an attractive religious stamp (and most of them are attractive) and create a layout for it on a sheet of loose-leaf paper that you'll be proud to show your friends. What's more, you'll never have, in this sort of specialty arranging, a lot of those embarrassing blank spaces to worry about. You just leave a whole leaf out of your album! You mount them as you get them, and when you have them mounted you have the same satisfaction in looking at them that an artist has in looking at his finished picture: it's *your* work.

Then it's inexpensive. Some stamps that you feel you "just have to have," when you are trying to complete a country, come pretty high. That isn't so with "religion-in-stamps." If one stamp comes too high, forget it, and nobody is any the wiser. But most of them are cheap. The specialization can be adjusted to any purse. And the beauty of it is that even when you have mounted only the very cheapest, you still have a collection of beautiful stamps. There are few ugly religious adhesives.

It can be limited to a collection of th Madonnas. Or to Churches and Cath drals: there are dozens of these to be ha pictures of buildings all over the worl Or you can save only the stamps bea ing pictures of the Christs. I think th "Christ of the Andes" of Brazil (No. 39 listed at ten cents), is one of the fine stamps in philately. A dozen pages your book could be given to the men wh have made Christianity—the great sain and leaders. You can go in for Biblic sites; the Near East countries offer mine of interest.

If you want a whole country at a rea sonable figure, there is Vatican City, th half-mile square little State that is reall a Faith on the edge of Rome. Vatica



The Valley Forge Stamp

City complete can be had for less tha fifteen dollars, and its highly-colored is sues are an addition to any man's album Palestine is another whole country tha might be secured, but the stamps of thi nation come a little higher. They ar fascinating, though, in view of what ha happened and what is happening and wha may happen tomorrow in the Holy Land

You could create a pictorial history o Christianity from Bethlehem to now, b mounting certain stamps with Christia motifs. There is plenty of materia from the Palestinian No. 65 (The Dom of the Rock, on the spot where Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac) right down t the latest Air Mails of Vatican City, whic appeared last week! (One of these air mails shows Elijah's ascent into heaven.

Or you might even go in for the stamp picturing non-Christian religions. Ther are any number of mosques and temple honored in stamps. There is the Tem ple of Heaven Issue from China, and th dragons of Angkor Wat (who knows wher *that* is?).

If you are a Croesus and want to go i for rarities, there are those Hawaiia Missionary Stamps that have created suc a furore recently. A nosey little boy wa nosing around a back room in the She bourne Falls (Mass.) Library last May and he came across a packet of old let ters; one of them was franked with th

famous 13-cent "Hawaiian blue," No. 4; Scott's says it is worth a paltry $3,500. Yes, it still happens. And there are still such stamps to be found.

But if you're wise, you will not spend your time hunting treasure so fabulous as this; you will get more enjoyment and more profit out of your collecting by studying each religious stamp that comes under your eye. There's red drama behind every one of them, and the search for the story is as much of an adventure as the search for the stamp. You'll find collecting lifted out of the rut of mere stamp-hoarding (hoarding is a waste of time, anyway, and if that's all you are going to do with stamps, you'll never find much fun in the hobby). And you'll find yourself telling the greatest story ever told all over again, and taking a new interest in Christian history and faith and worship and devotion, as your pages grow.

These Collectors Can Help You:

Mr. Frederick L. Hill has the collection of religious stamps mentioned in this article. He can be reached at 1070 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Harry M. Savacool of Trucksville, Pa., has a good little booklet on "The Why and How of Religious Stamp Collecting." Address him at Trucksville.

(Continued from page 19)

this child of ours to put in the chamber of her soul is a firm belief in the absolute necessity for and the infinite value of the Church. When she was a wee, helpless babe, the Church took her in its arms as we dedicated her at the altar to Christ and prayed for the Father's everlasting blessing to be upon her. When she was scarcely out of the toddling stage, the Church reached out its arms and took her into the kindergarten and taught her the rudiments of corporate worship with her contemporaries. And all through the grades and the high school the Church will, while increasing her knowledge of Christian tradition and history, of the Bible, and of the value of Christian worship, help her in her judgment of moral and spiritual values and in the decisions which she must make. When she finds that experience of a great love for some man, the Church will meet her at the altar praying that God's great Spirit will unite her heart and the heart of her lover with a spiritual bond which the tensions of life cannot break. And when she builds her home, the Church will urge that Christ be made the chief cornerstone. And when she grows into a matured woman of affairs, the Church will challenge her to make her age Christian. It will stimulate her to think about the great current issues of her day and will offer her encouragement as she tries to build the Family of God around her. And when she comes to stand beside an open grave out yonder in the future, the Church will rush to her side and remind her that the sting has been taken out of death, that the grave is not the end, that death is only an incident, a transition period, an open door which leads to a larger life. I want her to see that the Church is very fallible because it is very human, but that after all God does work through His Church and that she will find the fulfillment of her own life within the church family.

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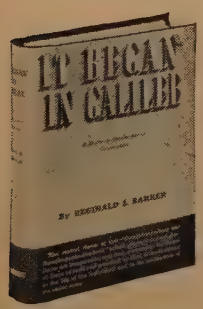

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(Continued from page 42)

TRAVEL

CRUISING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, by Madeline S. and J. Lane Miller. (Revell $3.50.) Excellent! The best travel book in years. The Number One "must" book for *Christian Herald* tourists who have been in the Mediterranean, or who contemplate going. Profusely illustrated with sparkling pictures. Beautifully written. A liberal education is between these covers. Get it!

SOURCE BOOKS

THE SPEAKER'S DESK BOOK, edited by Martha Lupton—Maxwell Droke, $3.95. Five thousand speaking epigrams, 1187 anecdotes and "Jewels of Thought." The most practical book of its kind in years. All carefully indexed and easy to get at, it is the product of unbelievable years of research and editing.

MEN OF POWER (Volume II) by Fred Eastman—Cokesbury, $1.50. Fred Eastman writes well, anything he undertakes to write; he has written unusually well here. Four biographies (St. Francis, Milton, Cromwell, Da Vinci) come alive in sparkling style. Short, yet inclusive, anecdotal and readable.

THE EVOLUTION OF PHYSICS by Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld—Simon and Schuster, $2.50. Collaborating with Leopold Infeld, Einstein makes understandable one of the great theories of all times. They trace step by step, the reasoning process that made possible the theory of Relativity. The book is clear and straight-forward, unfolding itself to the reader without resorting to mathematics.

WHERE NOW, LITTLE JEW? by Magnus Hermansson—Bonnier, $2.50. A timely book, carefully appraising the Jewish problem from the standpoint of the Jews as well as the anti-Jews. The author's solution—through assimilation—demands thoughtful examination.

BEST SELLERS

The sales lists during the summer in the religious book departments of thirty-seven of the country's leading book stores:

Title	Author
I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes	Clark
Thy Kingdom Come but Not Now	Slattery
Return to Religion	Link
Successful Christian Living	Fosdick
The Choice Before Us	Jones
Five Minutes To Twelve	Keller
Recoveries in Religion	Sockman
Living Every-day	Newton
My Utmost for His Highest	Chambers
Sermon On The Mount	Fox
Mystery of Sacrifice	Underhill
Making Life Worth Living	Sizoo
Streams in the Desert	Cowman
Finding the Goal Posts	Howe
The Reconciling Christ	Tucker
My Pillow Book	Rice
Christ and the Fine Arts	Maus

In addition to the stores mentioned in our June issue, seven other firms cooperated in compiling the above list.

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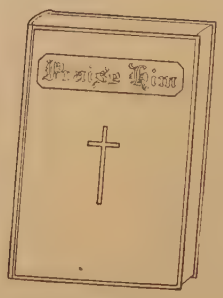

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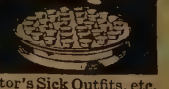

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

SEPTEMBER 4

Samuel: Spiritual Revival

I SAMUEL 7:1-17
(Printed lesson, I Samuel 7:3-13)

FEW men in Biblical or secular history have a life story so clean and attractive as has Samuel, the last of the judges, the first of the prophets, the maker of kings. Samuel's life is divided into the following sections: (1) before and at his birth he was the child of prayer and of promise; (2) his home training was entirely of a religious nature, and in preparation for his life work; (3) his childhood was spent as the personal aide of the high priest Eli, by whom he was made ready for the administration of religion and justice; (4) as a judge he administered in fairness and honor; (5) when Israel departed from the true faith during the absence of the ark among the Philistines, Samuel called them back; (6) when a king was to be found and anointed, Samuel held the place of power; (7) as a climax to his long life, Samuel defended his own judgment by an appeal to the long and unsullied record of his life.

Samuel's Spiritual Qualifications

Not every man can lead a spiritual revival. Is it better that a leader should have tasted the dregs of sin, experiencing salvation, or that he should have been from a child in line with spiritual principles and practices? Samuel was of the latter sort.

Samuel knew how to pray. In the time of crisis his best weapon was prayer, and he used it again and again.

Samuel possessed the elements of justice. He never defrauded, never took an unfair advantage.

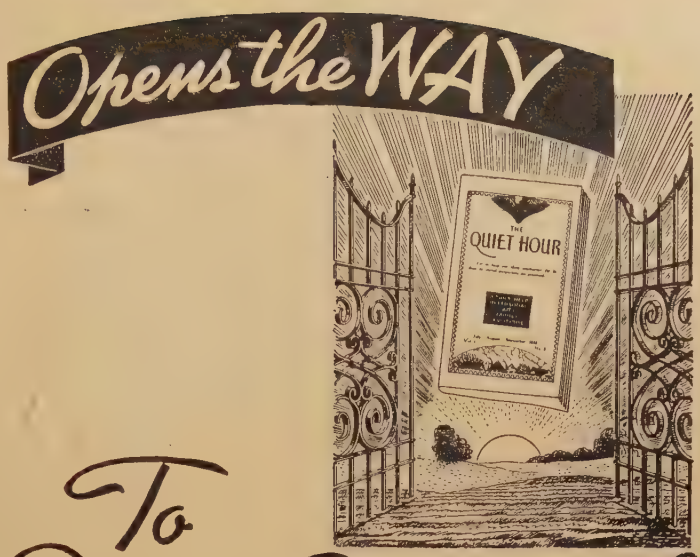
No matter what others did, Samuel stayed true to Jehovah. He needed no calling back, for he was there all the time.

Following the disastrous defeat of the Israelites by the Philistines in the battle which cost the life of Eli and both of his sons, the most dire results came from the loss of the sacred ark of the covenant. The Philistines kept it for only seven months and then were glad to send it back to Hebrew territory to Kirjath-jearim, but its absence from the sacred place at Shiloh and its loss of influence over the people called for wholesale acceptance of heathen worship and the sins which went with it. For twenty years Samuel was in preparation for his speech at Mizpeh with its keynote, "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only."

The miraculous rout of the Philistines by thunder and lightning was a fitting sign of God's acceptance of their repentance. Thus God gives material rewards for spiritual service.

Christians may well pause after their spiritual and moral victories so as to give God the praise due to Him. Samuel's act in remembering the goodness of God is typical.

(Turn to next page)



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(Continued from page 55)

Is there similarity between the conditions in America today and those in Israel when Samuel called for repentance? There are many persons who believe that the moral recession, the financial plight, and the threats of serious world disturbance are preparing the way for a great revival of religion. How will it come about? Who will be its human leader? Where and when will it start? Or has it already started?

The same principles must hold that prevailed in Israel. There must be a genuine forsaking of false gods. In America that means a turning away from the god of money, the god of pleasure, the god of culture, the god of personal power, the god of militarism, and all the other gods that men worship in place of the Lord Jehovah.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Which qualities in Samuel's life appeal to you as most to be desired today?
2. Do revivals of religion depend on human leaders?
3. If you could designate the kind of revival most needed in America, how would you do it?

SEPTEMBER 11

Saul: Moral Failure

I SAMUEL 10:17-25; 15:10-23; 28:3-25; 31:1-10
(Printed lesson, 1 Samuel 10:21-25; 15:20-23; 31:3-6)

WHAT a chance, and what a failure! Saul, of the smallest tribe of God's people, chosen to be the chief of all, to be the first Hebrew since Moses to wear royal garments. He could build upon the foundations laid by their ancestors, could make the fame and power of Jehovah to be known among all people, and could establish his own family line among the great of all time. He possessed a good appearance and stature, stood head and shoulders above the rest and was "a choice young man, and a goodly."

But he fell under the onslaughts of his chief enemy—*self*. He fell short in judgment. He assumed prerogatives which belonged not even to the king. He allowed temper and hate to control his actions rather than gentleness and love. He lived to hear prophesied the fall of his own reign and its transfer to other hands, and he died a coward's death on the field of battle.

Saul Had Strong Points

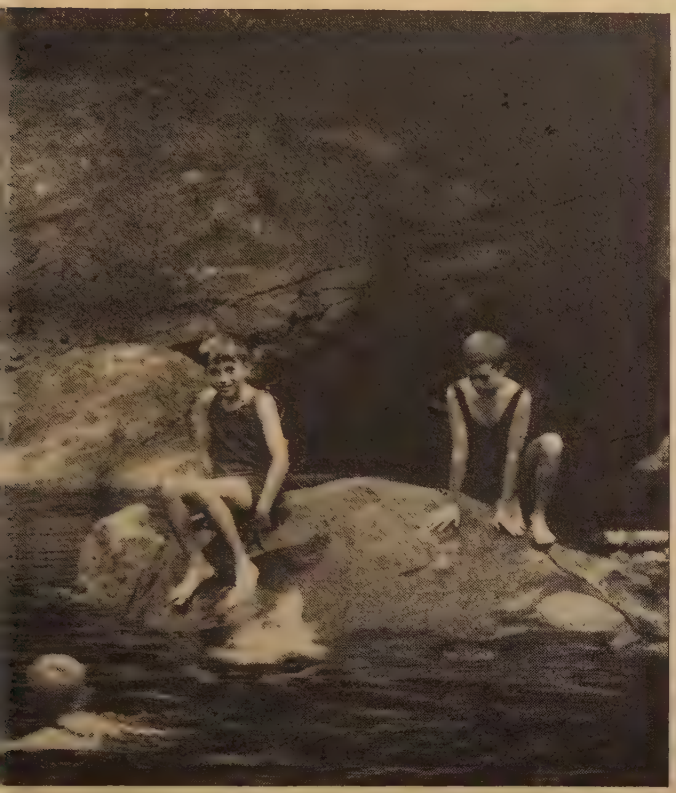
1. *The appearance of a king.* To his size and stature were added the ability to summon men to his cause.
2. *Bravery.* Although he wore a king's crown, he was in reality little more than a military chieftain, and here he exercised the courage of a soldier.
3. *Energy.* The years of Saul's reign were busy and active years. Seven principal military campaigns are listed to his credit.
4. *God gave him another heart* (10:9). Samuel made a great impression on the young man, who was genuinely humble.

Saul Also Had Weak Points

1. *Impulsiveness and self-will.* After Jonathan, Saul's son, had smitten the Philistine garrison, the king made a foolish oath to kill any one who ate food during the day of battle. When it was dis-

(Continued on page 58)

Vacation *from Poverty!*



Nature gives us a pool of clean spring water

The rock on which we sat at the side of the pool became a magic carpet as we filled our lungs with the clear, crisp air of the country and let our eyes search far out beyond their accustomed limitations. Life suddenly seemed wholly good and well worth the living. It was hard to realize that there were crowded slum streets lined with teeming tenements; that there could be air so putrid—air so filled with harsh, grating noises. Windowless tenement rooms were hard to visualize while sitting on a rock in the midst of a cool clean pool of spring water. Surely all that was just a bad dream!

It would not be hard to believe that life as it is lived by the children of the city's slums is the unreal part of it all; it is harder to believe that children do live in city slums when there is so much beauty in the world—that children go hungry when there is plenty of food. And yet we know that there are children who have never walked on the green grass, children who have never seen a cow. And there are children at Mont Lawn right now who show the results of under-feeding!

Just as there are children who have never seen the country there are men and women who have never seen the slums nor been in a tenement home. But they must have heard about them.

* * *

Suddenly the drone of an airplane as it made its way high among the clouds ended the revery and seemed to suggest possible relief for the future. Perhaps someday there will be no slums—cities will be for business only and life will be spread far out over the countryside where green things and little children can grow. Maybe someday money will not be the deciding factor that it is today—maybe,... but then would come the millennium. In that time men will wonder that civilized men and women allowed such conditions to exist, just as today we wonder at the cruelty of generations gone by.

The street-cleaner offers a dirty pool in the gutter

In the meantime there is a great deal for us to do—we must make life a little happier and healthier for those children whom fate has placed in the city's slums; those children who through no fault of theirs bear the burden of man's ignorance and neglect.

Jack, one of a family of twelve, Elizabeth his sister; Malcolm, nine years old and a behavior problem; John, a victim of infantile paralysis; Ruth, who mothers her father and brothers; George, unfed, abused by cruel parents; Alice who has a bad heart; Dick who has never been to the country in his life—children, no matter what their creed or nationality, children of the poor ask for your friendship and help. Our way of helping them is to give them a vacation from their poverty—two weeks, a month and longer for worse cases.

His Followers have built Mont Lawn for the children of the city's slums—we ask His Followers to continue their support and to tell their friends and invite them to help. $5 pays for a week—$10 pays for two weeks—every penny helps to give strength and happiness to a child of misfortune.

Christian Herald Children's Home, 9/38
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(Continued from page 56)

covered that the hero of the day had done so, his self-willed father refused to allay the sentence of death, and only the people saved Jonathan (chapter 14).

2. *Assuming priestly powers.* Impatient to begin his charge against the enemy, Saul took advantage of the delay of Samuel and offered a sacrifice to the Lord. (13:8-14).

3. *Disobedience.* In the face of strict commands from the mouth of Samuel that there must be complete destruction of the Amalekites and their possessions, Saul saved the best of their flocks for himself. (chapter 15).

4. *Jealousy.* The rise of David, his success against Goliath of Gath, and the favor which the younger man had among the people unseated the stability of Saul, and his jealousy toward David became a controlling part of his life (18:5-9).

5. *Rage.* Again and again Saul sought to slay David (18:10, 11), and pursued him like a beast through the rough places of the land.

6. *Loss of self-respect.* In seeking out the witch of Endor (28:7-25) Saul turned to a member of a class which he had tried to exterminate as a nuisance.

7. *Self-destruction.* Coming at last to the end of his course, he could not summon courage to face his end bravely, but fell upon his own sword and died a coward's death.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What evidence do you find that Saul ever was really devoted to God and sincerely desired to do God's will?

2. If Saul had come to you for counsel as to how to manage himself, what would you have told him?

3. What was Saul's greatest moral failure?

SEPTEMBER 18

Jonathan: Courageous Friendship

I SAMUEL 14:1-46; 18:1-4; 19:1-7; 20:1-42; 23:15-18; II SAMUEL 1:17-27
(Printed lesson, I Samuel 20:4-17)

THE world of men esteems a lofty friendship, whether it be between those of either sex or between the sexes. The pages of history display none more genuine or more lasting than the friendship of the king's son and the king's successor.

Saul's first glimpse of the youth David was when the lad was recommended as a skillful player on the harp and came to perform that service before the king. From their earliest contact Saul loved him (16:22). There is no indication that Jonathan, the king's son, saw David at this period.

The second time that Saul and David were together was some time later, so much so that Saul does not seem to have recognized his former minstrel. The occasion was a time of dire distress for the people of Israel, when the youth David volunteered to fight the giant Philistine. When the outcome was successful, and David had slain their enemy, all Israel sang the praises of the victor. This seems to have been the time of the meeting between David and Jonathan, and they were instantly attracted to each other.

Whereas Saul had at first loved David, now the popularity of the latter gave birth to a consuming jealousy in Saul's hea and his love turned to hatred. This b came a testing-ground for the friendsh between the young men. Jonathan pleade the cause of his friend and showed to h father the folly of his course. This mad a temporary reconciliation and brough David back to court. But again Davi had to flee for his life.

For many long and dangerous month this strange affair progressed—Saul look ing for David to do him hurt; Jonatha looking for David to do him well.

One part of the Scripture describes th secret warning which the friends devise whereby Jonathan could convey to Davi the attitude of Saul. The voice of Jon athan calling out to the retriever of th arrows told David the solemn truth. Bot friends knew that while the king's ange lasted their meetings would be rare.

Earthly separation came at last afte the manner of the day. Too often Sau and his sons went to battle. Too conf dently they faced the enemy and thei whole cause met defeat. When the drea news of the death of Jonathan in battl came to David, he took his harp an poured forth a lamentation over Saul an Jonathan which is the finest as well as th most ancient of all dirges.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What friendships do you know tha have been aided by adversity?

2. Was Jonathan less faithful than h should have been to Saul because of hi love for David?

3. In what ways do modern friendship require courage?

(Continued on page 59)

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The Upper Room

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(Continued from page 58)

SEPTEMBER 25

David: Triumphant Faith

PSALMS 23 and 27
(Printed lesson, Psalm 23; 27:1-6)

DAVID'S reign was the brightest period in the history of Israel, and David himself stands mountain high among Old Testament worthies. Coming midway between Abraham and the Messiah (he was born in 1080 B.C.), he was second only to Moses in his influence over contemporary history. The student will find it of immense advantage to read the entire message of the two books of Samuel.

David's presence in Saul's court was at all pleasure and advantage. True he received Saul's daughter Michal in marriage, and here started that outstanding friendship with Jonathan. But here was engendered Saul's terrible jealousy against David, which led to at least five attempts to take David's life (chapters 19 and 20). The marvelous escapes which the young man had bear testimony to the keeping power of God.

The flight of the fugitive from Nob to Gath to Adullam and on through a score of places would be sordid and uninteresting except for the fact that something beside hate comes in. The secret conferences between David and Jonathan, and the two instances when David spared Saul's life show that love and forgiveness can overcome hate.

This period was a necessary and valuable school for David. Had he come into power without adversity, his character would have been weak. He needed the discipline of hardship. His habitual spirit of trust and prayer is especially evident in the psalms generally assigned to these years (52, 54, 57, 63, 142).

A period of David's life which should have been all glory and dominion was marred because of his personal sins. With God ready to give him so much, David bought the choicest possessions of another man and paid for his folly with domestic trouble and sorrow. This brought him to genuine abasement before God and led to his restoration.

But it is as a man of faith in God's eternal care and goodness that David stands out beyond most men. His varied experiences—in danger, in battle, in sin, in sorrow, in hunger, in passion, in victory, in rebuke, in failure—all work together to strengthen his confidence in the eternal goodness, even when man falls short.

The Shepherd Psalm is the ideal statement of the truth which a believer should have in his ever-watchful, ever-loving Father. The figure of the sheep being cared for by the shepherd gives the simple picture, and the advance made in terms of the Christian in the house of God completes its meaning.

Psalm 27 has its greatest value when it is appropriated as the exultant testimony of any trusting Christian.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How can the times of violence in David's life be reconciled with his gentle, trusting nature?
2. Which statement of Psalm 23 best illustrates triumphant faith?
3. What makes possible the attainment of a faith like that described in Psalm 27?

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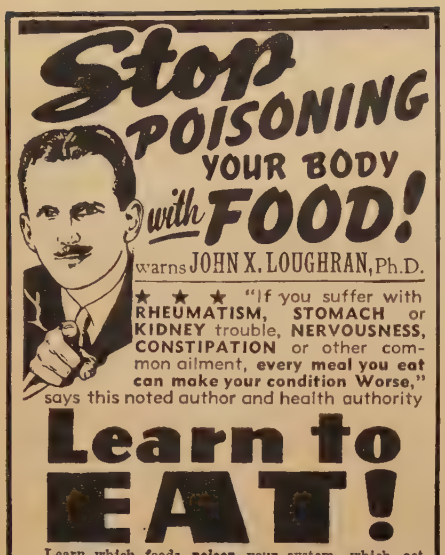
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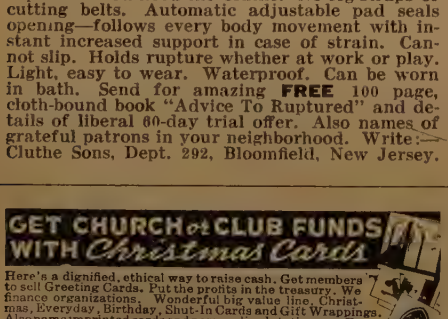
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(Continued from page 30)

in many areas and find that for the first time in all their history, a group of children are sitting working away on their slates, receiving the beginnings of an education from a Christian teacher. The Living Church has been responsible for transcribing over 200 of the written languages of Africa, and has established and is conducting over ninety per cent of the schools for those primitive people whose lives have hitherto been shrouded in dark ignorance.

The functioning of the Living Church may be seen in her efforts to meet the problems which are emerging because of the disrupting impacts of Western civilization upon primitive life in Africa. In the port of Bathurst, in Gambia, is a large boat from which start the German planes that fly across the Atlantic Ocean to South America. "That ship and those planes have done more to erase superstitious beliefs among many natives in one year than has been possible through a hundred years of our work," said the missionary. Yes—but what a vacuum is left in their lives! When visiting a mission school in Nigeria a letter was received from the Government asking permission to install telephones free of charge for they desired these African lads to become 'telephone-minded.'

At railroad stations in Central Africa primitive natives look wonderingly at a mighty invader, able to do in twenty hours the twenty days' work of 13,000 carriers. They find themselves suddenly linked to a new world.

These are but outward indications of new influences that strange ideas are weaving themselves into the thinking of these peoples, and forces are coming into Africa from a world convulsed with divergent economic, social and political claims.

In mining compound huts I talked with many who had migrated from their villages to the great copper belt in Congo and Rhodesia. Between 1929 and 1935, 5000 huts had been built at one mining section alone, and there was a native population of 12,000 assembled in those few years to engage in mining and smelting. In one compound we found twenty different language groups represented. These young Africans have been snatched from the age of Abraham to the age of Henry Ford in less than a generation, and great and disturbing forces are being hurled into their lives.

I was at the Rhodesian copper mines at the time of those tragic riots of 1935. The significance of those uprisings was the fact that the primitive African *was prepared to fight against the white man for his rights.* He is learning the value of his own personality. He is demanding justice. And this desire for self-expression is bound to grow—and so it should, in all fairness.

A Church in Africa might sit back and watch this transition and struggle, and do nothing—but not the Church of the Living Christ. Where injustice or oppression or exploitation is apparent the Christian Church *must* speak. A few days after the riots I sat with the missionaries of Northern Rhodesia in their Council at Ndola. On behalf of their churches they *did* speak in no uncertain terms concerning the situation.

Amid all these and other problems th voice of the Living Church is hear though sometimes almost drowned out b the clamor of ancient evils or the whirl o modern innovations, but her very sincerit and beauty are compelling many to liste

The Living Church in Africa is n lowering her standards or compromisin with wrong. Her members are in an ama ing manner faithfully endeavouring to e tablish upon the earth the Kingdom o Righteousness and Good Will.

It is of interest to see such similarit in the life and work of the Church in di ferent lands and missions. Often it wa difficult for me to tell if I was visitin with Anglicans, Baptists, Brethren, Co gregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterian or other groups. They are all worthy o highest respect and admiration.

In Africa there is an increasing desi for fellowship among evangelical bodie In a land with 800 languages—many o which are not reduced to writing—whe the people have been partitioned off int forty-three separate countries, with ne language and national distinctions, th prospect for an all-African Christia Church is remote, but in certain countrie in Africa more cooperation is being de sired because of the greatness of the tas and the uniqueness of opportunities.

In meeting the pressing claims whic are coming from a needy and eager peo ple, in dealing with governments in man phases of life in which Christian peopl are most vitally concerned, there needs t be, more than ever, the closest harmon on the part of the Christian Churches. I is not possible for the forty-three mission in the Congo for example, to accomplis by individual activity the fullest servic It was a real source of joy to find that th cooperating efforts of over thirty year have culminated in the adoption by man evangelical missions and churches of th name, "The Church of Christ in the Co go." In Angola, the Protestant Societie are working together in the training o their medical helpers that the best med cal skill of the missions may be availabl to the natives who are trained to ministe in the name of the Good Physician. Th situation in the mining areas is also no being met by united efforts.

The day-by-day experiences of my Afr can journey often pass before me as wonderful panorama of impressions; o young men in training going forth two b two every Sabbath evening to variou parts of a pagan city of 100,000 people t preach the good news; of a dozen youn men all on one verandah practising at th same time on wheezy little portable organ so they may be able to help the primitiv Africans in their Christian singing; o trained nurses going out into the village teaching primitive mothers how to ca for little babies, six out of ten of whom have been dying in their first year; o Christian parents coming with their chi dren, asking native pastors to baptiz them in the name of the Loving Father of natives lifted from primitive paganism now kneeling at the altar as both blac and white hands are placed upon the heads ordaining them to the Christia ministry—when I think of these and hun dreds of other experiences, it gives m new faith in the redeeming power of Go and in the Divine significance of the mi sionary enterprise.

(Continued from page 39)

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

GIVE ME . . . THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST—READ MARK 6:14-29.

EXTREMES meet in woman. She may be the greatest saint or the greatest sinner. History has its Marys and its Jezebels. Everybody who has looked into his own soul has been awed and horrified at the possibilities seen there.

It was a vengeful woman who played upon the vanity and fear of ghost-ridden Herod to murder John the Baptist. Even the world that knows little of the Bible is familiar with this grim story.

Yet headless John looms taller in history than the crowned monarch whose name is a synonym for shame. John lived as a man; Herod as a beast.

Awed by our own capacity for good or evil, we cry to thee, O sustaining Father, for strength to live and die as becomes Thy children. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

REST A WHILE.
READ MARK 6:30-34.

WRITING beside our lovely lake in the seclusion of the great woods, which makes the bustling city seem a whole world away, I can appreciate the ever-recurring desire of Jesus for a quiet time. If His serene soul needed solitude, how much the more does every modern. We cannot expect high thinking or noble purposes from a generation which seeks its recreation in night clubs, motion pictures, radio and parties.

Despite the deep desire of Jesus for a time apart, He always let one thing take precedence, the needs of the people. His compassion dominated all other moods.

Harried, hurried, beset with cares, we would cultivate quiet times for our souls, and for communion with Thee, O Father. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.
READ MARK 6:35-46.

SOCIETY'S old way of dealing with the poverty of the poor was to ignore it. Even today, loud voices are raised in protest against the nation's colossal spending for human relief. Nevertheless, this is the Jesus tradition. No matter that the hunger of the crowd was due to their own lack of foresight, they must be fed. All other problems are based on the food problem. Unsatisfied hunger should never coexist with Christianity.

For the Lord does provide. In ways that seem as miraculous as the feeding of the five thousand, bread has been given times beyond count to God's needy ones.

Thou hast ever fed the hungry bodies and spirits of mankind, O bountiful Father; and we thank Thee. Amen.

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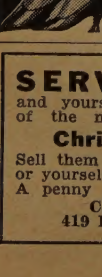

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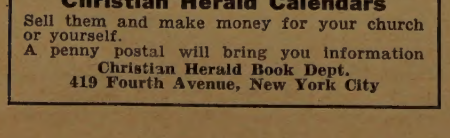

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.
READ MARK 6:47-56.

MOST of the ghosts that haunt us in times of stress and storm are in our own alarmed eyes. The frightened disciples in the wind-tossed boat failed to recognize the Figure walking on the water, because they took counsel of their fears, rather than of their faith.

None of us has any more faith than he displays in time of need. Prayer meeting faith is easier than kitchen or workshop faith; one is to the other as a dress parade is to a real battle.

We pray for hearts to realize the nearness and adequacy of Jesus Christ, in our needs of every sort. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

YE HOLD THE TRADITION OF MEN.
READ MARK 7:1-23.

IN JERUSALEM, on my recent visit, I was freshly impressed with the authority that regulations and ritual and tradition wield over the lives of pious Jews. Their religion of the letter is as Jesus described it nineteen hundred years ago.

But the Jews are not the only misinterpreters of God's will; many Christians attach more weight to the Church of Christ and her routine than they do to the Christ of the Church.

Save us, O Lord, from merely formal and conventional religion. Give us the glowing hearts of those to whom Thou art a living reality. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

WENT INTO THE BORDERS OF TYRE AND SIDON—READ MARK 7:24-37.

ONE of the wonders of history is that the greatest Cosmopolite of time scarcely ever went outside the borders of the little land in which He lived. The entire geographical area of Christ's life may be covered in a day's leisurely automobile ride. The old and mighty cities of Tyre and Sidon, on the Mediterranean coast, represented the limits of His journeys.

Even when abroad, Jesus "could not be hid." Wherever He went, Jesus was Himself, and soon ministering to the Syro-Phoenician woman.

Men of every nation and tongue have found Thee, O Master, their most understanding and sympathetic friend. Thou art beyond all lines and classes and divisions; and so we find a place in Thy fellowship. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

SAW EVERY MAN CLEARLY.
READ MARK 8:1-26; 10:46-52.

WHAT with "The Seeing Eye" dogs to lead the blind; and the publication of *The Readers' Digest* in Braille, and the John Milton Society to provide religious literature in Braille, and many other kindred organizations, socie seems newly awakened to the needs the blind. Over and over, Jesus ga sight to the blind: He avowed that part of His mission.

How multiform was Christ's compa sion. His healing of the inly blind h shaped history. In a profound sens the awakening of spiritual capacities h released mental powers and social i stincts which have made Christian n tions the leaders of the world.

Open the eyes of our spirits, O Lor that we may discern the beauty of lif and its opportunities. May we see The

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

THE SON OF MAN MUST SUFFER.
READ MARK 8:27-38.

TWICE I have visited Caesarea Philip pi, hard by Dan, where the Jorda springs from a foothill of Mt. Hermo Here Jesus underwent "the passion the North," opening His heart to H friends, that they might see the shado of the cross lying thereon.

This was the scene of Peter's grea confession, and of his stupid rebuke the Master. Peter was quite modern i his distaste for the cross. Yet Christ ma nified it; throughout all of His ministr His spirit bore the cross upon whic His body was to be uplifted.

We glory in the cross of Christ, where in, O Father, Thy Son once hung fo our redemption. We want to bear ou crosses, and live in the cross spiri

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

HE WAS TRANSFIGURED.
READ MARK 9:1-29.

THREE mountain men, who lived v cariously and left life victoriously, onc held a mountain-top rendezvous. A had known bitterness of soul; but a three were bent only upon doing the wi of God. No conference of statesme ever approached in importance th meeting of Moses, Elijah and Jesus, o the Mount of Transfiguration.

In the foreglow of the crucifixion an resurrection, Jesus was transfigured b a supernal radiance; suggesting to u the glory of personality as it will be i heaven.

Yet that high experience on th mountain-top did not lessen the Master zeal for ministry to the needy below.

As we meditate upon the transfigure Christ, we pray, our Father, for som measure of transfiguration, here an now, of our lives. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

WHO SHOULD BE THE GREATEST.
READ MARK 9:30-50; 10:35-45.

OFTEN we lose patience with thos muddle-headed disciples of Jesus. The seem to have been so needlessly stupi and uncomprehending. They did n even have good manners. While Jesu had been opening to them His sore hear already cross-burdened, they were squa

ing amongst themselves as to who ould be the greatest.

Thereupon Jesus laid down the Chris-n principle that greatness consists in lpfulness. "Not to be ministered nto, but to minister," was His motto.

Lord, make us helpers of men. Teach Christ's own art of living ministry. ay we seek no other greatness than rvice. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.
READ MARK 10:1-16.

WIFELESS and childless Himself, sus yet saw more clearly into the true ace of womanhood and childhood than y other philosopher. He set the little ild up as the norm of kingdom mem-rship. And He demanded a new place r childhood so that He has become the ildren's Friend. We may trace the reams of Christ's influence upon the rld's little ones: so that in a double nse "He blessed them."

For the childlike heart we pray, dear ther. In simplicity and sincerity and ith we would be Thy children. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

ONE THING THOU LACKEST.
READ MARK 10:17-31.

PARADOXES as well as parables lorned the discourses of Jesus. Here the case of the rich young man who nts eternal life, but also wanted to ld onto his wealth. So Jesus declared at it is easier for a camel to go rough the eye of a needle than for a h man to enter into the kingdom.

Paradoxically, He added that the im-ssible is possible with God. Only Di-ne grace can give the Life of the Ages the worshiper of wealth. But for ose who are poor for the kingdom's ke, there will be riches eternal.

Forgive us, Father in heaven, that we often put money first, and Thee sec-nd. Make us rich toward God, now nd in eternity. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

HOSANNA! BLESSED IS HE!
READ MARK 4:1-14.

OFTEN the common crowd of man-nd see more clearly than the sophisti-ted few. That truth is the basis of mocracy. While the professionally ous, the learned and the highly placed, ere finding only flaws in Jesus, the ultitude broke loose in a mighty dem-nstration of devotion, which we call e Triumphant Entry.

Still the crowds are for Christ. When ey pause to consider, the masses of ankind know that Jesus is their best iend and true king.

May our lips and lives, O Lord, join the acclaim of Christ as our king and viour. We would give Him a tri-mphal entry into our hearts. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

SOUGHT HOW THEY MIGHT DESTROY HIM.
READ MARK 11:15-33.

LIKE a skillful dramatist, Mark unfolds the tragedy of the last days of Jesus in a series of contrasts. Against the popular ovation of the multitude, he pictures the secret and sinister plottings of the priestly party and of the vested interests, bent on the destruction of this Radical. This Disturber must die; and all the craft of Jerusalem's vested interests was concentrated upon the quick accomplishment of that end.

That our Saviour is also our Hero, man-defying, truth-serving, stirs gratitude in our hearts, O infinite Father. May we be His loyal followers. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

THEY KNEW THAT HE HAD SPOKEN THE PARABLE AGAINST THEM.
READ MARK 12:1-12.

INSTEAD of being scared and silenced by His foes, Jesus treated them defiantly and contemptuously. His parables, like that of the vineyard and the unfaithful servants, had a sting for the plotters. Everybody understood the point of the story. What a gallant warrior was the gentle Jesus!

Should we not acquire an access of dauntlessness in our own battles with entrenched wrong, as we study the debonair audacity of Jesus?

Lord, teach us how to battle for truth and Thee. Deliver us from fear and help us to strike strong blows. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

TO CATCH HIM IN HIS WORDS.
READ MARK 12:13-40.

"SMART" lawyers often trap simple and sincere witnesses by dishonest guile. Jesus confounded the clever crew who relentlessly sought to entangle Him.

Jesus baffled them all; and made their questions the basis for sublime teachings that have enriched the life of the centuries.

Our contempt for these enemies of the Lord is mingled with pity for the perversion of their talents.

O Thou who art incarnate Truth deliver us from all guile and pretence. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

A CERTAIN POOR WIDOW.
READ MARK 12:41-44.

WHILE He despised the guile and affectations of the aristocracy and officialdom of His time, Jesus glowed with enthusiasm for the virtues of the lowly. He had the seeing eye for real worth. So He conferred immortality upon the nameless widow who had cast her whole store, two tiny coins, into the temple treasury.

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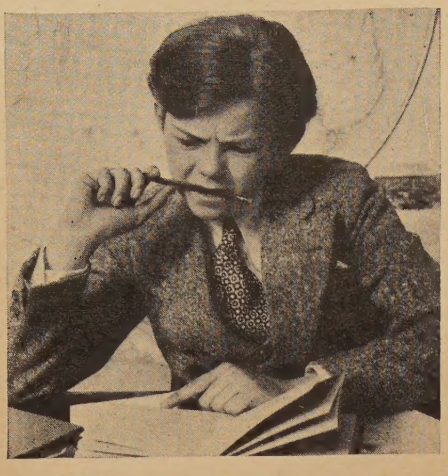

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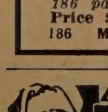

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SU

Lucid

Tourist—Is it far to the next town?
Native—Well, it seems further than it is, but you'll find out it ain't.

—Exchange

Sad Parting

Health specialist says that his hair and his teeth are a man's best friends. Well, even the best of friends will fall out.

—New York American

He Was Oil Hers

He loved the girl so much that he worshiped the very ground she walked on. Her father had just struck oil.

—Chats

Three Little Words

These were voted tops as the three sweetest words in the English language:
I love you.
Dinner is served.
Keep the change.
All is forgiven.
Sleep until noon.
Here's that five.

And the saddest were:
Out of gas.
Dues not paid.
Funds not sufficient.
Rest in peace.

—Pelican

(How about I.O.U.?—Ed.)

Now You Understand It

A colored porter in a hotel was asked why rich men usually gave him small tips, while poor men were liberal.

"Well, suh, boss, I don't know, 'cept the rich man don't want nobody t' know he's rich, and the po'man don' want nobody t' know he's po'."

—Exchange

Rightfully His

An old colored man signed his name "Col. George Washington Jones." When remonstrated with, on the grounds that he had never been a colonel in the army, he replied, "Dat means colored, and I jes' put it first so it looks better."

United Presbyterian

He Had Help

"I'm a self-made man."

"You are lucky. I am the revised work of a wife and three daughters."

—Houston Post

The American Way

The teacher had just finished telling story of the Pilgrims to a group of sm children.

"Now, Gertrude," began the teach "when the Pilgrims had been here a y and had gathered in their good crops, wh did they do?"

"Bought a car," replied Gertru promptly.

—The Church

Diplomacy in Excelsis

Perhaps the wittiest and most grace tribute ever spoken by a man of his w was said by Joseph H. Choate.

Someone asked him: "Mr. Choate, you could not be yourself, who would y rather be?"

Instantly came the reply: "Mrs. Choat second husband."

Germ Carrier

Betty was playing in the yard with l wagon. Her mother happened by, stoop and kissed her. Quickly she wiped the k off. "Don't kiss me, mamma," she sa "I'm the garbage man."

—Excha

Suited Him

Visitor—You don't mean to tell me th you have lived in this out-of-the-way pla for over thirty years?

Inhabitant—I 'ave.

Visitor—But, really, I cannot see wh you can find to keep you busy.

Inhabitant—Neither can I—that's w I live here.

—Excha

Translucent

Pat, having just returned from the W was walking down the street, when anot Irishman, coming toward him, call "Hello, there, Pat! I see you're ba from the front!"

"I knew I was thin," replied Pat, "I didn't know you could see through m

—Excha

Milky Way

Little Mary was going to a fancy dr party, and could not think what to we Then she had an idea.

"May I go as a milkmaid?"

"But you're too small, Mary."

"But I can go as a condensed milkma can't I, mother?"

—Excha